The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NOT ALWAYS MAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY F. C. STEWART.

It is not May the whole year round,
With grasses green and blossoms fair,
Else might the soul, though heavenward bound,
Forget the road that brings it there.

To those who strive and those who sigh,
To those who list the murmuring sound
Of toils and longings always nigh,
It is not May the whole year round.

The heart by constant griefs oppressed,
And thoughts that haunt the lonely mound,
By wearing cares and want depressed,
Finds not a May the whole year round.

Oh then how blest, how surely wise,
Are they who pierce the deep profound,
And seize the everlasting prize
Of heavenly May's eternal round.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER III.

DON TORRIBIO CARVAJAL.

After a short silence, Don Torribio continued—

"I know that you are devoted to me, and I have perfect confidence in you; but you are a drunkard, Panchito, and drink is a bad counsellor."

"I will drink no more," the gaucho answered.

Don Torribio smiled.

"Drink—but without destroying reason. In drunkenness people utter words—as you did just now—which cannot be recalled, and are more deadly than a dagger. It is not your master who is now speaking, but the friend. Can I count on both of you?"

"Yes," the gaucho said.

"I am going away; but you must not leave the colony, but be ready for anything. Before all, carefully watch the house of Don Valentine Cardoso, both inside and out. If anything extraordinary happens to him or his daughter, Dona Concha, you will immediately light two fires, one on the cliff of the Urubus, the other on that of San Xavier, and within a few hours you will hear from me. Do you promise to execute promptly and devotedly any order of mine, however extraordinary it may appear to you?"

"We swear it."

"That is well. One word in conclusion. Connect yourselves with as many gauchos as you can; try, without exciting suspicion, which always sleeps with one eye open, to collect a band of determined fellows. By-the-by, distrust Patito: he is a traitor."

"Must he be killed?" Corrocho asked.

"Perhaps it would be prudent, but you would have to get rid of him cleverly."

The two gauchos exchanged a side glance, but Don Torribio pretended not to see it.

"Do you want money?"

"No, master."

"No matter; take this."

He threw to Corrocho a long, silk purse, through the meshes of which a great number of gold ounces glittered.

"My horse, Panchito."

The gaucho entered the wood, and almost immediately reappeared, holding the bridle of a magnificent charger, upon whose back Don Torribio leaped.

"Farewell," he said to them; "prudence and fidelity; any indiscretion would cost your life."

And, after giving the gauchos a friendly nod, he dug his spurs into the horse's sides, and went off in the direction of Carmen, while Corrocho and Panchito went back toward Poblacion del Sur. As soon as they had gone some distance, the bushes in a corner of the brake were shaken, and a face pale with fear peeped out. This head belonged to Patito, who, with a pistol in one hand, and a knife in the other, drew himself up, and looked round with great agitation, while muttering in a low voice—

"Canario! kill me cleverly. We shall see, we shall see. Santa Virgen del Pilar! what demons! Well, listening is a good thing."

"It is the only way to hear," some one replied, in a mocking voice.

"Who's there?" Patito shouted, as he leaped one side.

"A friend!" Blas Sallazar answered, as he came from behind the maple and joined the gaucho, whose hand he shook.

"Ah, ah, capataz, you are welcome. You were listening too, then?"

"I should think so. I took advantage of the opportunity to instruct myself about Don Torribio."

"Well?"

"This caballero appears to me a precious scoundrel, but, with the aid of Heaven, we will ruin his dark schemes."

"So be it!"

"And, in the first place what do you intend to do?"

"On my word I do not know. There's a buzzing in my ears 'kill me cleverly.' Corrocho and Panchito are certainly the most hideous villains of the Pampa."

"Caramba! I have known them a long time, and at present they alarm me but slightly."

"But me!"

"Nonsense; you are not dead yet."

"I am not much better."

"What, are you afraid? you, the boldest panther hunter of my acquaintance?"

"A panther is, after all, only a panther, and you can get the better of it with a bullet; but the two fellows Don Torribio has let loose on me are demons."

"That is true; so let us proceed to the most important point. Don Valentine Cardoso, whose capataz I am, is my foster brother, that is to say, I am devoted to him body and soul. Don Torribio is forming some infernal plot against my master's family, which I wish to foil. Are you decided to lend me a hand? two men who have only one will between them can do a great deal."

"Frankness for frankness, Don Blas," Patito answered, after a moment's reflection. "This morning I should have refused, this evening I accept, because I no longer run a risk of betraying the gauchos, my comrades. The position is changed. Kill me cleverly! By heaven I will avenge myself. I belong to you, capataz, as my knife-blade does to its hilt—yours, body and soul, on the word of a gaucho."

"Excellent," said Don Blas, "we shall be able to understand each other. Get on your horse and go and wait for me at the estancia. I shall return there after sunset, and we will draw up the plan of the countermine."

"Agreed. Where are you going?"

"To Don Valentine Cardoso."

"This evening, then?"

"This evening."

They then separated. Patito, whose horse was hidden a short distance off, galloped toward the estancia of San Julian, of which Don Blas was the capataz, while the latter proceeded in great haste toward the Poblacion.

Don Valentine Cardoso was one of the richest landed proprietors in Carmen, where his family had been established since the foundation of the colony. He was a man of about five and forty. As his family originally came from old Castile, he had retained the handsome type of that race, a type which was recognized in his face by the vigorously marked lines, with which was combined a certain air of proud majesty, to which the rather sad eyes imparted an expression of gentleness and kindness.

Left a widower after two too short years of marriage, Don Valentine had kept the memory of his wife locked up in his heart like a sacred relic and he believed that it was still loving her, to devote himself entirely to the education of their daughter Conception, called more familiarly Concha or Conchita.

Don Valentine lived in the Poblacion of old Carmen, near the fort, in one of the handsomest and largest houses of the colony.

A few hours after the events we have recorded, two persons were seated near a brasero in a drawing-room of this mansion.

In this drawing-room, elegantly furnished in the French style, a stranger on opening the door might have believed himself transported to the Faubourg St. Germain; there was the same luxury in the paper hangings, the same taste in the choice and arrangement of the furniture. Nothing was wanting; not even an Erard pianoforte, covered with the scores of operas sung at Paris, and, as if better to prove that glory travels a great distance, that genius has wings, the fashionable romance writers and poets filled a buhl chiffonier. Here everything recalled France and Paris, excepting the silver brasero in which the smouldering olive stones indicated Spain. Chandeliers holding pink wax candles lit up this magnificent withdrawing-room.

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, YOUNG LADY?" DON VALENTINE REPLIED WITH A SMILE.

Don Valentine Cardoso and his daughter Conchita were seated near the brasero.

Dona Concha, who was scarcely fifteen years of age, was exquisitely beautiful. The raven arch of eyebrows, traced as with a pencil, heightened the grace of her rather low and pale forehead; her large, blue, and thoughtful eyes, fringed with long, brown lashes, contrasted harmoniously with her ebony black hair, which curled round her delicate neck, and in which odoriferous jessamine flowers were expiring in delight. Short, like all true-blooded Spanish women, her waist was exquisitely small. Never had smaller feet trodden in the dance the Castilian grass plots, and never had a more dainty hand nestled in that of a lover. Her movements, careless as those of all the Creoles, were undulating and full of *salero*, as the Spaniards say.

Her dress, which was charmingly simple, consisted of a dressing-gown of white cashmere, embroidered with large silk flowers in bright colors, and fastened round the hips by a cord and tassels. A Mechlin lace veil was carelessly thrown over her shoulders, while her feet were thrust into pink slippers, lined with swansdown.

Dona Conchita was smoking a tiny husk cigarette, while talking to her father.

"Yes, father," she said, "a ship has arrived to-day from Buenos Ayres, with the prettiest birds in the world."

"Well, little one?"

"I fancy that my dear little father," she remarked, with an adorable pout, "is not at all gallant this evening."

"What do you know about it, young lady?" Don Valentine replied with a smile.

"No, have you really," she said, bounding with delight in her chair, and clapping her hands, "thought of—"

"Buying you some birds? You will to-morrow see your aviary stocked with parrots, Bengalis, macaws, humming-birds, in short, about four hundred specimens, you ungrateful little chit."

"Oh, how good you are, father, and how I love you," the girl replied, throwing her arms round Don Valentine's neck, and embracing him several times.

"Enough, enough, madcap. Do you want to stifle me with your caresses?"

"What can I do to requite your kindness?"

"Poor dear, I have only you to love now."

"Say adore, my darling father; for it is adoration you feel for me. Hence, I love you with all the strength God has placed in my heart."

"And yet," Don Valentine said, with a gentle accent of reproach, "you do not fear, naughty girl, to cause me anxiety."

"I?" Concha asked, with an internal tremor.

"Yes, you, you," he said, threatening her tenderly with his finger, "you hide something from me."

"Father!"

"Come, child, a father's eyes can read the heart of a girl of fifteen, and for some days past, if I am not mistaken, I have not been the sole object of your thoughts."

"That is true," the girl replied, with a certain amount of resolution.

"And whom are you dreaming of, little maid?" Don Valentine asked, hiding his anxiety behind a smile.

"Of Don Torribio Carvajal."

"Ah," the father cried, in a choking voice, "and do you love him?"

"No," she answered; "listen, father, I will conceal nothing from you. No," she continued, laying her hand on her heart, "I do not love Don Torribio, still he occupies my thoughts; why, I cannot say, but his look troubles and fascinates me, his voice causes me a feeling of undefinable pain; he is handsome, his manners are elegant and noble, he has everything belonging to a gentleman of high caste, and yet something in him, something fatal, checks me, and inspires me with invincible repugnance."

"You romantic girl."

"Laugh at me, ridicule me," she said with a tremor in her voice. "Shall I confess all to you, father?"

"Speak with confidence."

"Well, I have a presentiment that this man will be dangerous to me."

"Child," Don Valentine replied, as he kissed her forehead, "what can he do to you?"

"I do not know; but I am afraid."

"Do you wish not to remain here any longer?"

"Heaven forbid! that would be hastening on the misfortune that threatens me."

"You are losing your head, and taking pleasure in creating chimeras."

At the same moment a man servant announced Don Torribio Carvajal, who entered the room.

The young man was dressed in the latest Parisian fashion, and the candles lit up his splendid face.

Father and daughter started.

Don Torribio walked up to Dona Concha, bowed to her gracefully, and offered her a superb bouquet of exotic flowers. She thanked him with a smile, took the bouquet, and almost without looking at it, laid it on a table.

In succession were announced the governor, Don Antonio Valverde, accompanied by his whole staff, and two or three other families, or altogether some fifteen persons. By degrees the conversation grew animated.

"Well, colonel," Don Valentine asked the governor, "what news from Buenos Ayres?"

"Our great Rosas," the colonel answered, who was stifling in his uniform, "has again defeated Oribe's Unitarian savages."

"Heaven be praised! perhaps that victory will procure us a little of the tranquillity which commerce requires."

"Yes," a colonist remarked, "the communications are becoming so difficult that nothing can be sent by land."

"Can the Indians be stirring?" a merchant asked anxiously, on hearing the observation.

"Oh!" the stout commandant interrupted, "there is no danger; the last lesson they received was rude, they will remember it a long time, and not dream of invading our frontiers for many a day to come."

An almost invisible smile played round Don Torribio's lips.

"In case of an invasion, do you consider them capable of seriously troubling the colony?"

"Hum!" Don Antonio answered, "take them altogether they are poor scrubs."

The young man smiled again in a bitter and sinister manner.

"Excellency," he said, "I am of your opinion; I believe the Indians will do well in remaining at home."

"I should think so," the commandant exclaimed.

"Senorita," Don Torribio said, turning to Dona Concha, "would it be too great a favor to ask you to sing that delicious air from the Black Domino which you sang so exquisitely the other evening?"

The young lady, without further pressing, sat down to the piano forte, and sang the romance from the third act in a pure voice.

"I heard that sung in Paris by Madame Damoreau, a nightingale who has flown away, and I cannot say which of you displays more grace or simplicity."

"Don Torribio," Dona Concha answered, "you lived too long in France."

"Why so, senorita?"

"Because you have come back a detestable flatterer."

"Bravo!" the governor said with a hearty laugh. "You see, Don Torribio, that our creoles are equal to the Parisian ladies in quickness of repartee."

"Incontestably, colonel," the young man replied; "but leave me alone," he added with an undefinable accent, "I shall soon take my revenge."

And he gave Dona Concha a look that made her shudder.

"I trust, Don Torribio," the governor said, "that you will be present to-morrow at the *Te Deum* chanted in honor of our glorious Rosas?"

"Impossible, colonel; this very evening I start on a compulsory journey."

"What, another of your mysterious excursions?"

"Yes, but this one will not be long, and I shall be back soon."

"All the better."

"*Quien sabe?*" the young man murmured in a sinister voice.

Dona Concha, who had heard the last words, was not mistress of her terror.

The visitors took leave one after the other, and Don Torribio Carvajal was at length left alone with his hosts.

"Senorita," he said on taking leave, "I am setting out on a journey in which I shall doubtless incur great dangers. May I hope that you will deign to remember the traveller in your prayers."

Concha looked at him for a moment in the face, and replied with a frankness which was natural to her—

"Senor Caballero, I cannot pray for the success of an expedition whose object I do not know."

"Thanks for your frankness, mademoiselle," Don Torribio answered without the slightest emotion, "I shall not forget your words."

And after the customary compliments he retired.

"The capataz of San Julian, Don Blas Sallazar wishes to speak with Senor Don Valentine Cardoso on important business."

"Let him come in," Don Valentine said to the servant who had announced the capataz in so lengthy a fashion. "Conchita, come and sit by my side on this sofa."

Don Torribio was extremely agitated when he left the house; he turned round and darted a viper glance at the windows of the drawing-room, across which Dona Concha's light shadow flitted.

"Proud girl," he said in a hollow and terrible voice, "I shall punish you for your disdain."

Then wrapping himself in his cloak, he went at a rapid pace to a house situated a short distance off, where he generally lived when at Carmen. He knocked twice; the gate opened and closed after him.

Twenty minutes later the gate opened again to let two horsemen pass out.

"Master, where are we going?" one asked.

"To the tree of Gualichu," the other replied; and added in a whisper, "to seek vengeance."

The two horsemen entered the darkness, and the furious gallop of their horses was soon lost in the silence of night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TREE OF GUALICHU.

As a general rule, the Southern natives have a divinity, or, to speak more correctly, a genius, sometimes benevolent, but more frequently malevolent, and their worship is less veneration than fear. This genius is called Achellenat Kanet by the Patagonians, Quecuba by the Aucas, and Gualichu by the Pueliches. And, as the latter have more especially traversed the country in which the sacred tree stands, they have perpetuated the name of their evil genius by giving it to the tree, to which they attribute the same power.

The belief in Gualichu dates back to the most remote antiquity on the pampas.

This wicked god is simply a stunted tree, which, if mingled with other trees, would not have attracted attention; but which alone, and as it were lost in the immensity of the plains, serves as a beacon to the traveller wearied by a long journey across these oceans of sand. It rises to a height of thirty-five or forty feet, all twisted and prickly, and in its withered trunk is rounded a large cavity, in which men and women lay their presents in tobacco, beads, and corn. It is several centuries old, and belongs to that species of the acacia family which the Hispano-Americans designate by the name of *Algarobo*.

The wandering hordes of Indians, doubtless struck by the solitude of this tree in the midst of the desert, constituted it the object of their worship. In fact, its branches are covered with various offerings, many of some value; here a poncho, there a manta; further on woollen or cotton ribbons; while on all sides garments, more or less injured and torn by the wind, are affixed to the thorns, which gives this sacred tree the appearance of an old clothes' shop. No Indian, whether Aucas, Patagonian, Puelche, or Tehuetche, would venture to pass it without leaving something; and the man who has nothing else cuts off his horse's mane and fastens it to the tree. The most precious offering in the sight of the Indians is that of their horse; and hence the great number of slaughtered horses round the tree attests the vitality of their faith.

The religion of the Southern natives, thoroughly primitive and spared by the conquest, does not take the moral being into account, and is only arrested by accidents

of Nature, of which it makes gods. These people strive to make the deserts, where fatigue and thirst produce death, and the rivers that may swallow them up, favorable to them.

At the foot of the tree of Gualichu, a few hours after the events already narrated, a strange scene was taking place, rendered still more striking by the density of the darkness, and by the storm which was approaching. Heavy black clouds rolled athwart the sky; the wind blew in gusts with a shrill whistle, and large drops of rain fell on the sand.

Around the sacred tree the Indians had improvised a village composed of some forty toldos raised hastily and without regularity. Before each toldo crackled a bright fire, round which two or three Indian squaws were crouching to warm themselves, without taking their eye off the hobbled horses which were devouring their stock of *alfalfa*.

An immense fire, resembling a funereal pyre, flamed a few paces from the tree of Gualichu, and was surrounded by twenty Indians, who stood apathetic and contemplative, and whose grand war paint led to the supposition that they were preparing for an important ceremony of their worship.

Suddenly a shrill whistle cleft the air, and announced the arrival of two horsemen; one of them dismounted, and threw his horse's bridle to his comrade, and walked into the circle formed by the warriors. This man wore the uniform of an officer of the Chilian army.

"I salute my brothers," he said, looking round him, "may Gualichu protect them."

"Salutation to Pincheira," the Indians responded.

"Are all the chiefs assembled?" he continued.

"All," a voice replied, "with the exception of Nocobotha, the grand Toqui of the Aucas."

"He will not be long; let us wait."

The silence had been scarce established, ere a second whistle was heard, and two fresh horsemen entered the circle of light projected by the fires.

Only one man dismounted. He was tall and fierce-looking, and dressed in the costume of the Aucas warriors, the most civilised and intelligent Indian nation in the whole of South America. These were the men who, almost unarmed, repulsed Almagro and his cuirassed soldiers in 1535, who triumphed over the unhappy Valvidia, and who, though constantly fought by the Spaniards, were never vanquished. The Aucas offered an asylum to the Incas whom Pizarro hunted like wild beasts, and who, as a reward for their hospitality, introduced among these Indians their own advanced civilization. By degrees the two nations became fused, and their hatred of the Spaniards has been perpetuated up to our day.

The warrior who had first entered the circle of Indian chiefs was one of the most perfect types of this indomitable race; all his features bore the distinctive character of the haughty Incas, who were so long masters of Peru. His costume, differing from that of the Patagonians, who employ the skins of beasts, was composed of woollen cloth striped with silver. A blue *chaman* covered his body from the waist, where it was fastened with a woollen girdle down to the knee; in this way exactly resembling the *chilipa* of the gauchos, who borrowed from the Indians this garment and the short blue and red striped poncho; his boots armed with silver spurs, and cleverly sewn with the tendons of animals, were made of the tanned hide of the *guemul*, a species of llama; his hair was divided at the back of the head into three tails, fastened together at the end with a tuft of wool, while in front the rest of his hair was raised and fastened with a blue ribbon, which, after three turns, fell on one side, and terminated in small pieces of rolled up silver. His brow was girt by a circle of massive gold, a species of diadem, three inches in width, and in the centre of which sparkled a sun composed of precious stones; a diamond of enormous value hung from each of his ears; his cloak of guanaco skins, which fell down to the ground, was held on his shoulders by a silk cord, and was fastened with a diamond. Two six-chambered revolvers glistened in his waist-belt; on his right hip hung a machete, or short sabre with a very wide blade, and he held in his hand a double-barrelled rifle.

This warrior, on his arrival, created a lively sensation among the chiefs; all bowed before him respectfully, while murmuring with delight—

"Nocobotha! Nocobotha!"

The warrior smiled proudly, and took his place in the first rank of the chiefs.

"The nacurulu (*Bubo Magellanicus*) has sung twice," he said; "the osprey of the Rio Negro has raised its melancholy cry; the night is drawing to a close; what have the chiefs of the great nations resolved?"

"It would be useful, I think," one of the Indians answered, "to implore the protection of Gualichu for the council."

"The advice of my brother, Matipan, is wise. Let the *matchi* be warned."

While a chief went off to fetch the matchi, or sorcerer, another chief quitted the circle, went up to Nocobotha, whispered something to him, and then returned to his place. The Toqui of the Aucas laid his hand on his machete, and shouted in a loud and menacing voice—

"A traitor is among us! Attention, brothers."

A shudder of passion ran through the ranks, and each Indian looked at his neighbor.

"He must die!" they shouted unanimously.

"It is well," Nocobotha answered.

These words, spoken in Indian, must reach the traitor's ear as a vain sound, for the Aucas dialect is not generally understood by the Spaniards.

Still, a man, clothed like the other chiefs, and protected by the darkness, suddenly bounded far out of the circle, and uttered three different times the hoarse croak of the urubus. He leant against the trunk of the tree of Gualichu, and with his legs far apart, and a pistol in each hand, waited. This man was Pedrito, the bombero.

A living wall, formed of hundreds of Indians, rose in arms before him, and menaced him from all sides. Pedrito, to whom flight was impossible, frowned, gnashed his teeth, and foamed with rage.

"I am waiting for you, dogs," he yelled.

"Forward! forward!" the Indians shouted.

"Silence!" Nocobotha ordered in a rough voice. "I wish to question him."

"What good is it?" Pincheira remarked, with a hateful expression. "He is one of those rats of the Pampa, whom the Spaniards call bomberos. I recognize him. Let us kill him at once."

"A bombero," the Indians yelled anew. "Death to him, death."

"Silence," said Nocobotha, "who dares to interrupt?"

At the command of the master silence was re-established.

"Who are you?" the toqui asked the bombero; "who are you?" Pedrito replied with a grin, and crossing his arms, though he did not let go his pistols.

"Answer, if you would not die; you are in my power."

"A brave man only belongs to himself. He has always the resource of letting himself be killed."

"Perhaps so."

"Try to take me."

"Surrender, and no harm will be done you."

"A bombero never surrenders."

"Why did you introduce yourself among us?"

"Canario! I came to witness your Indian jugglery, and learn the object of this nocturnal meeting."

"You are frank, at any rate, and I will take that into consideration. Come! resistance would be useless, so surrender."

"Are you mad, my master?"

"Forward!" Nocobotha, who was boiling with rage, shouted to the Indians.

The latter rushed on. Two pistol shots were fired, and two Indians writhed on the sand. While the others hesitated, Pedrito returned his pistols to his belt, and drew his machete.

"Make way," he shouted.

"Death!" the warriors repeated.

"Way, way!"

And Pedrito dashed at the Indians, hitting right and left, cutting and pointing. Nocobotha threw himself in his path, with the roar of a wounded lion.

"Ah, ah," said the bombero, "my worthy chief, with the diamond sun, it is our turn."

All at once three shots were fired behind the Indians, and three horsemen dashed upon them, scattering terror and death around. The Indians, not knowing how many enemies they had to contend with, believed, owing to the darkness and the number of dead, that a considerable reinforcement had arrived, and began dispersing in all directions, with the exception of the more resolute, who held their ground and continued to resist the assailants. Among these were Nocobotha, Pincheira, and a few renowned chiefs.

The three bomberos, summoned by the hoarse croaking of Pedrito, had hastened up to their brother; they helped him to get onto the saddle of the horse they had brought up for him.

"Ah!" they shouted, "down with the Indian dogs!"

Nocobotha dealt the Spaniard a blow with the machete, to which he responded by a cut that scarred his adversary's face. The Toqui uttered a cry, not of pain, but of rage.

"Eh," the bombero said to him, "I shall recognize you, if ever we meet again—for you bear my marks."

"Villain!" the chief said, as he fired a pistol at him.

"Ah!" Pedrito muttered in his turn, as he sank in his saddle.

He would have fallen, had not his sword prevented him.

"He has killed me," the wounded man said, in a faint voice. "Courage, brothers, do not leave my corpse to them."

The three bomberos, supporting their brother, redoubled their ardor to get him away from inevitable destruction; but how were they to fly? The Indians, when the first moment of panic had passed, being able to count their enemies, returned to the charge and threatened to overwhelm them by their numbers. The position was horrible, and Pedrito, who had retained his coolness, understood that his brothers were about to ruin themselves for him, so, sacrificing his life to save them he shouted—

"Fly! Leave me alone here; in a few minutes I shall be dead."

"No!" they replied, making their horses prance to ward off the blows, "we will all get away or perish together."

Pedrito, who knew his brothers, was not ignorant that their resolution was unbending.

The fight was going on at this moment, two yards at the most from the tree of Gualichu, Pedrito, while his brothers were defending themselves on all sides at once, slipped down to the ground, and when the bomberos turned round, they found his horse without its rider. Pedrito had disappeared.

"He is dead—what is to be done?"

"Obey him, as we were unable to save him," Juan answered.

"Forward, then!"

And all three, tearing up their horses' sides with their spurs, bounded into the thick of the Indians. The collision was terrible; still, a few seconds later, the bomberos, saved from danger by their incredible audacity, were flying, like the wind, in three different directions, while uttering cries of triumph.

The Indians recognized the inutility of a pursuit across the sand; so they contented themselves with picking up their dead and counting the wounded, altogether some thirty victims.

"These Spaniards are perfect demons, when they are obstinate," Pincheria said, remembering his own origin.

"Yes," Nocobotha answered him, mad with fury, "if ever I place my foot on their chest, they will expiate the wrongs they have done my race for centuries."

"I am entirely devoted to you," Pincheira continued.

"Thanks, my friend. When the hour arrives, I shall remind you of your promise."

"I shall be ready; but at present what are your designs?"

"The scar that madman has made on my head compels me to fire the train as soon as possible."

"Do so, I pray; and let us finish with these accursed Spaniards so soon as we can."

"Then you really hate your countrymen?"

"I have an Indian heart—and that is saying enough."

"I will soon procure you the opportunity to slake your vengeance."

"May Heaven hear you!"

"But the chiefs have again assembled round the council fire; come, brother."

Nocobotha and Pincheira approached the tree of Gualichu, where the Indians were grouped, motionless, silent, and calm, as if nothing had disturbed their gathering.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A traveller at the South writes of a city there—"This city is beautifully laid out—so are most of its capitalists."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers to a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.10 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $85. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to February 20th, containing the whole of "CUT ADRIFT; OR, THE TIDE OF FATE, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and all the chapters of "THE RED COURT FARM," by Mrs. Henry Wood, up to this date.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been. In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Red Court Farm.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the more engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

ANOTHER OFFER.

As those who wish THE POST may sometimes wish also to procure some popular work, we will send THE POST for a year, and any book whose retail price is $2.00, for the sum of $4.00. We will also pay the postage on the book.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC NOT "THE ONE ONLY TRUE RELIGION," NOT "AN INFALLIBLE CHURCH." By ROBERT E. PETERSON, M. D. This is an answer to the "Points of Controversy, A series of Lectures by Rev. C. F. Smarius, Missionary of the Society of Jesus." The author having read the work in question at the solicitation of a Roman Catholic friend, has seen fit to prepare the present argument in reply. It is very ably written; and the mild and tolerant spirit of the writer is especially to be commended—being in accordance with the motto he has chosen from Pope—

"If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!"

The book touches upon some curious facts of history, not generally known, except perhaps by scholars. By perusing Father Smarius's work on the one side, and the present answer on the other, the reader probably would come out a wiser, and perhaps more charitable man. Published by Trubner & Co., London, and Lippincott & Co., Philada.

HARPER'S MONTHLY FOR JUNE. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GRACE GREENWOOD has sold her "*Little Pilgrim*" to Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Publishers of "*The Little Corporal*," of Chicago. The Pilgrim has been published as a children's magazine for over fifteen years, and has been a popular juvenile. Grace Greenwood still writes for it. The July number begins a new volume of "THE LITTLE CORPORAL," which is a well conducted and quite popular juvenile magazine.

NEW AMERICAN FARM BOOK. Originally by R. L. ALLEN. Revised and Enlarged by LEWIS F. ALLEN, author of "American Cattle," &c. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This work treats of those subjects which are generally interesting to farmers.

MORAL CULTURE OF INFANCY, AND KINDERGARTEN GUIDE. With Music for the Plays. By MRS. HORACE MANN and ELIZ. P. PEABODY. Second Edition. Materially Revised. Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. A. Bancroft & Co., 512 Arch street, Philada.

THE DIADEM OF SCHOOL SONGS. By W. TILLINGHAST. Illustrated by Edward Sears. Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. A. Bancroft & Co., Philada.

LIBRARY OF EDUCATION. A series of small volumes, containing Locke's "Thoughts Concerning Education," Milton's "Treatise on Education," and Horace Mann's "Study of Physiology in School." Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. A. Bancroft & Co., Philada.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. This volume contains "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "Count Robert of Paris," "Fair Maid of Perth," and "Woodstock." With Engravings. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada.

TOMMY TRY, AND WHAT HE DID IN SCIENCE. By C. O. G. NAPIER, author of "British Birds," &c. With 48 Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada.

ELEMENTS OF LATIN GRAMMAR, FOR SCHOOLS. By ALBERT HARKNESS, Professor in Brown University. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A PRACTICAL MANUAL OF THE TREATMENT OF CLUB FOOT. By LEWIS A. SAYRE, M. D., Prof. of Surgery in Bellevue Hospital. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; and also for sale by Turner Bros. & Co., Philada.

RECIPROCAL METHOD FOR LEARNING SPANISH OR ENGLISH. By LUIS FELIPE MANTILLA, Prof. in the University of New York. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. Devoted to Popular Instruction and Literature. Published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York.

THE GALAXY FOR JUNE. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

GOOD HEALTH. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. No. 1. Published by Alex. Moore, Boston.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. April, 1869. Every traveller should purchase a copy of this work, when setting out on his travels. We always do. It affords a vast deal of useful information, and is very seldom incorrect. We would not be without it on a journey for three times its price. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by all the principal news dealers.

HANEY'S ART OF TRAINING ANIMALS. A practical Guide for Amateur or Professional Trainers. Illustrated with over sixty Engravings. Published by Jesse Haney & Co., 119 Nassau street, New York. Also for sale by A. Winch, Philada.

THE WEDDING DAY IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. By EDWARD J. WOOD, author of "The Curiosities of Clocks and Watches from the Earliest Times," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. An interesting volume on an interesting subject.

THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN 1859. By JAMES DE MILLE, author of "Cord and Crease; or, The Brandon Mystery," &c. With 100 Illustrations. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A very amusing book, with very amusing engravings.

VANITY FAIR. A Novel Without a Hero. By W. P. THACKERAY, author of "The Newcomes," &c. With Illustrations by the Author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. The first volume of a new edition of Thackeray's novels.

THE POETICAL WORKS AND REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE. With Life by ROBT. SOUTHEY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

PARSONS ON THE ROSE. A Treatise on the Propagation, Culture and History of the Rose. By SAMUEL B. PARSONS. New and Revised Edition. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for May. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York.

☞ Side-saddles were introduced into England, says Victor Hugo, in the fourteenth century, by Anne, wife of Richard II.

☞ Mr. George Hudson, once the "Railway King" of England, who, in his day, had far more of railway power and control than the present magnates of Central or Erie, who was once in Parliament, and considered quite beyond any adverse pecuniary turn, is now residing in absolute poverty in France. His suit against the Northern Railway Company has been decided against him, and the company now contemplate the propriety of granting him a pension of about $1,000 per annum.

☞ Ernest Renan has been delivering some lectures at the Theatre Prince Imperial, Paris. His audience embraced all classes, from workmen in their shirt-sleeves to those of the highest literary rank. He is on the shady side of 45; hair, dark and straight; features, heavy and coarse; voice, shrill, small, squaking, and scolding; action, natural and very graceful. Looks as though he had always been struggling.

☞ It is proved that animal life may exist under great pressure. M. Deville has erected an apparatus in his laboratory in which fishes swim under a pressure of four hundred atmospheres, or six thousand pounds to the inch.

The City of Homes.

It is within bounds to say that not less than 20,000 houses in this city are owned by the thrifty working men who inhabit them with their families. This city is essentially and emphatically what it was styled in an article on this subject in the Public Ledger a year ago, "The City of Homes." At the close of the year 1867, Philadelphia contained 101,505 dwelling-houses, and during the year 1868, there were four thousand one hundred and nine more dwellings added to the number, making the grand aggregate of dwellings in the city on the first day of January, this year, 105,613. Of these, thirty-three thousand nine hundred and forty-four were two-story dwellings, and sixty-five thousand four hundred and fifty-one were three-story dwellings. This is sufficient to justify our claim to the title of "The City of Homes." There is certainly no large city in this country that can make such an exhibit of houses in proportion to population, and we doubt if there is one in any civilized country on the globe. New York city, with its claim of a million of people, had but about sixty-thousand dwellings at the close of 1867, and probably has now about sixty-three to sixty-five thousand. Of Boston, we are not so well informed, but judge from an expression in Mr. Quincy's recent letter that it is to some extent in the same category with New York.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD is now in successful operation. The San Francisco journals reach here in eight days, and several gentlemen have arrived in Philadelphia who have passed over the road in the time mentioned. The distance from Sacramento to Omaha is not yet accurately known. The commissioners appointed to examine the roads have recently reported on the condition of the track, as it was built on March 10th, 1869, and give the length at that date of the Union Pacific at 1,035 miles; of the Central Pacific at 551 miles, with 193 miles uncompleted. These figures give 1,779 as the distance from Sacramento to Omaha. The companies, however, have received subsidies in the following proportion: the Union Pacific, for 1,030 miles, and the Central Pacific, for 741 miles, giving a total of 1,771 miles.

☞ The generally received opinion that the American aloe, or century plant, blossoms only once in a hundred years appears to be not always sustained by facts. One of these rare plants, in the possession of the Messrs. Frost, at the Genessee Valley Nurseries, in Rochester, now gives clear indications of blossoming. This plant is believed to be not over seventy years old. There is a case on record of a century plant which blossomed in Devonshire, England, in 1820, at the youthful age of nineteen. It put forth 16,000 flowers. A plant flowered in Cornwall, England, in 1837, which was not more than fifty-six years old. The number of blossoms was 5,088—yellow in color, and about 5 inches in length.

☞ A London clergyman advertises that he will "lend" his weekly sermons for half a crown a piece, or four for 10s., warranted "original, earnest, and evangelical."

☞ The iron-clads of the U. S. Navy are being called into service both on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. The telegraph announces that orders have been received at San Francisco to put the iron-clads Monadnock and Camanche in readiness for immediate use. At the same time the Mohongo has been put out of commission and the officers ordered East.

☞ There is no need of any further dispute about the Alabama claims. Punch has settled it, and announces that:—"Mr. Punch himself has paid Mr. Sumner's bill. The handwriting of the latter being indistinct, Mr. Punch is not quite sure whether he asks for two hundred and fifty millions or billions, and therefore has sent over the latter sum. If there is a balance, Mr. Sumner can keep it for himself, or lay it out in building a lunatic asylum."

☞ The President has intimated to Major Watford, of Mississippi, that the election in that state would be ordered for the middle of August or the beginning of September—but the order would not be issued until after the Virginia election. He said that the disfranchising, test oath, and other objectionable features of the Constitution, would be submitted separately.

☞ The Rhode Island House of Representatives have postponed the consideration of the Suffrage Amendment until the January session.

☞ Three Japanese families have recently arrived in California with the intention of forming a colony. Thirty-seven families are now on their way, and eighty are preparing to follow, so that a settlement of 120 families will be made. These Japanese are bringing with them mulberry trees, bamboo shoots, and tea plants, for cultivation. It is asserted that many more Japanese, adherents of the Northern Daimios, who have recently been defeated by the Southern Daimios, will also emigrate.

☞ A short time since a four-year old who was so small that he was obliged to stand several feet off from the teller's desk, in order to be seen, presented a check for sixty dollars. The money was handed over—the boy being known—and our little friend departed. Some five minutes after he rushed into the bank, looking the picture of fright and breathless. As soon as he recovered sufficiently he said: "M-m Mr., did you send for me?" "No, certainly not. Why do you ask?" "A m-man came up to m-me in the street and said you had paid me too much money, and he wanted to take it from me." "Did you give it to him?" "No, sir. *I axed him did he catch a weasel asleep*, and I ran back to you!"

☞ An inebriated individual fell down a flight of stairs in Bellows Falls, Vermont, the other night, and a passer-by, fearing him seriously injured, ran to pick him up. But the man majestically staggered to his feet, and in response to the proffered aid, roared out: "Now you jes lemme 'lone. Wan' no slobberin' roun' me. I allus come down stairs that way!"

☞ Whether standing on one's dignity is a good thing quite depends upon its size. A man standing on a pin head, or woman on a mustard seed, would not fulfill the fitness of things. Dignity, like the foundation of a building, to be strong should be wide and deep.

☞ A man once went out to purchase a horse. "Will he draw well?" asked the buyer. "Thee will be pleased to see him draw." The bargain was concluded and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not stir a step. He returned and said: "That horse will not draw an inch." "I did not tell thee that it would draw, friend; I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw, so it would me, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

Beecher on Bores.

At the National Christian Convention held last year, Mr. H. W. Beecher was called upon to address that body on "How to Conduct Prayer-Meetings." After the adjournment of the morning session about fifty men—mostly young, and identified with the hardest of Christian work in the most unpromising fields—gathered about him, in order to wrest from him some of the secrets of his success. The results were too valuable to pass without enduring record. The questioning lasted nearly an hour and a half. During that time Mr. Beecher was in the centre of a densely packed crowd, and not given a moment's rest. The questions were sometimes rambling, but nearly all tended to uncover an inward experience that others besides those then present would be glad to see. Omitting, of course, many things, the questions and answers were very nearly as follows:—

"Mr. Beecher, what do you do with bores in your prayer meeting?"

"Well, I try to be patient with them. Christ, when He was on earth, was troubled with bores, and I say to myself, why should I not be? I try to educate them, and make something out of them. The man who is a bore now may become an effective worker if one is only patient."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Aristocratic Families.

Fruitful people are some of the noble houses of Great Britain. The Marquis of Anglesea is one of a family of eighteen brothers and sisters; the Marquis of Huntley of fourteen; Earl Fitzwilliam is one of thirteen, and has thirteen children of his own; Earl Grey is one of fifteen; the late Lord Denman left fifteen; the Duke of Argyle has twelve, and the Duke of Leinster is one of thirteen; the father of the Duke of Buccleuch left eleven; the Earl of Minto left fourteen; the Earl of Bessborough has fourteen. There are several more English noblemen with fourteen and fifteen children, and the list of those numbering eleven and twelve would count by scores. One aristocratic lady, the Countess of Guinsborough, was married several times, and was the mother of seventeen children.

Disease in Time of War.

The number of deaths by wounds and camp diseases in time of war, it is asserted, falls far below the deaths by the epidemic diseases produced among the inhabitants dwelling in the territories where the military operations are carried on. The Austrian Statistical Commission has recently been publishing tables showing the mortality attendant upon the short war in 1866 between Prussia and Austria, from which it appears that the losses in the Austrian army amounted to 34,003 souls, of whom only 11,000 died in battle or from the effects of wounds. In Austria and Hungary 235,000 persons died of cholera and other epidemics. In five provinces north of the river Leytha, the increase of deaths in 1866 over 1865 amounted to 205,475, and in the Bukovina one person out of every thirteen died.

GAY little Dandelion
  Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
  Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
  Poured from above;
Wise little Dandelion
  Asks not for love.

Pale little Dandelion
  In her white shroud,
Heareth the angel breeze
  Call from the cloud.
Tiny plumes fluttering
  Make no delay;
Little winged Dandelion
  Soareth away.

☞ One of the reasons assigned for the fertility of soils under stone walls is, the gradual wasting away of the stone composing them, by the action of the elements.

☞ SNEEZING.—The custom of saluting people after sneezing is of very ancient origin. A very good reason for the practice of saying, "God bless you!" after a sneeze, may be found in the fact that Saint Gregory the Pope, instituted a short benediction to be used, when during a pestilence the crisis was attended by sneezing, and in most cases was followed by death.

☞ Sewing-machines have been declared to be exempt from levy and sale on execution or distress for rent.

☞ Don't burn the candle at both ends. If you are an early riser, retire early; but if you seek your sheets late, don't get up with the sun. You can't cheat nature—nor yourself. Mankind needs about so much rest, sleep, and laziness, and any attempt to lessen it is at the expense of ultimate vitality and surety of suffering.

☞ The baggage of Parepa-Rosa's troupe failed to reach Albany in season, so they performed the other night in their ordinary clothing.

☞ Gen. Grant is credited with the epigrammatic remark that "office-seeking was fast becoming one of the industries of this country."

☞ The hardships of the ocean—The iron clads.

☞ A good place to try female suffrage—Utah.

☞ The last case of inebriety: A person was heard energetically declaring his fixed purpose of taking his girl to see the picture of "Crossington Washing the Delaware!"

☞ When waiters take our orders at fashionable hotels now-a-days they leave their photograph, that you may identify them when they return.

ON GOING TO BED.

Here's a body—here's a bed!
There's a pillow—here's a head!
There's a curtain—here' a light!
There's a puff—and so good night!

☞ FINE NOVELS.—Sir Walter Scott was, in one of his walks, leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant, Tom Purdie. Tom said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter: they are just invaluable to me." "I am glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir; for when I have been out all day hard at work, and come home very tired, and take up one o' your novels, I'm asleep directly."

☞ The Union Pacific railroad bridge over the Missouri at Omaha will cost $2,000,000. It will be elevated on eleven piers, two hundred and fifty feet apart, seven feet below low-water mark. The enormous pier cylinders, which are sunk by the pneumatic process, are eight and a half feet in diameter, one and three-fourth inches thick, and cast in sections ten feet long.

The Aurora and the Telegraph.

The Aurora Borealis, as is well known, affects the operation of the telegraph lines, which can only be worked by taking off the batteries and using the atmospheric magnetism. The operation of the lines in this way, however, is very unsatisfactory, as the waves of electricity are very fitful, constantly changing their direction. A method of remedying this irregularity, it is asserted, has been discovered, and was tried with success during the great magnetic storm of April 15th last, on the lines between New York and Boston. Two of the wires were removed from the earth at Boston, and connected together so as to form a continuous line, and in this way the disturbance upon the one was neutralized by the other, the current running between New York and Boston and back on the wires, and without a return, by means of the earth.

The First Steam Engine.

The first steam engine was a globe, with a tube attached to one side. When the water within it boiled, the steam issuing from the tube caused the globe to revolve in the direction opposite to that in which it pointed. This was caused by the resistance of the atmosphere. This was an ancient Greek invention. Sir Isaac Newton in 1680 sought to modify this by mounting the kettle on wheels and letting the tube point directly to the rear, so as to make the motion forward in a straight line. This was the first idea of a locomotive. Afterwards means were found of employing the force of the steam more advantageously in cylinders, the piston rods of which turned the wheels.

☞ Both Presbyterian Assemblies at New York adopted a plan for a re-union of the separated bodies, to be submitted to the Presbyteries for ratification. The New School unanimously, and the Old by 271 ayes to 9 nees.

☞ Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots? Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are said to be only cracked.

☞ What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

☞ What can you not name without breaking it? Silence.

☞ During the cross-examination of a witness, he was asked where his father was. To which question, with a melancholy air, he responded, "Dead, sir—dropped off very suddenly, sir." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir—the sheriff imposed upon his unsuspicious nature, and getting him to go on a platform to look at a select audience, suddenly he knocked a small trap-door out from under him, and in falling he got entangled in a rope, from the effects of which he expired."

☞ In the Nova Scotia Legislature a resolution has been introduced for the presentation of an address to the British Queen, asking that Nova Scotia be absolved from its allegiance to the British Crown, and allowed to choose such political institutions as her people may desire. The resolution was seconded, and made the order for Tuesday.

☞ What fruit does a newly married couple most resemble? A green pair.

☞ Prize fighting at sea—Bulleting the waves and boxing the compass.

Oh! that this present were my dwelling-place,
With one steam-servant for my minister;
Then I'd dispense with all Jemima's race,
  And, hiring none, keep it instead of her.
Ye mechinists, by whose unceasing stir
  New helps are still invented, can ye not
Construct me such an engine? Do I err
  In deeming such will work in many a cot,
Though with one to be blest may never
  be my lot!

☞ It is thought that the production of grapes in the middle states will be very much larger this season than ever before, and that the vines will hardly be able to sustain the weight of the crops.

☞ It is rumored that, if the bill introduced into the British Parliament by Lord Russell for the creation of life peerages becomes a law, one of the first peerages created will be offered to Mr. Dickens.

☞ "Give me," said Herder to his son, as he lay in the parched weariness of his last illness, "a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it."

☞ A young enthusiast was talking to his intended a few evenings since, urging upon her speedy marriage, and a start to spend the honeymoon in California. "I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of this earth. There's no use talking!" "No use *talking!*" exclaimed the lady, with a look of some surprise. "No use talking!" he repeated. "Well, if there's *no use talking*," said the lady, "what in the name of senses do you *want of women there?* I don't go!"

☞ A female convict, named Riley, escaped from Sing Sing penitentiary on a recent Sunday night. It is supposed that she got on the roof through a skylight, and slid down a lightning rod to the ground.

☞ At Poughkeepsie, last week, a couple were married in the presence of the corpse of the bridegroom's father, who had died the day before.

☞ An idea of the number of household servants employed in England may be gleaned from the Parliamentary return for 1867-8. Of persons assessed as keeping one servant there were 144,886; as keeping two, 14,883; three, 6,014; four, 3,221; five, 1,866; six, 1,162; seven, 817; eight, 610; nine, 417; ten, 281; eleven, and not exceeding fifteen, 661; sixteen and not exceeding twenty, 231; twenty-one and upward, 223.

☞ The last sheet of ice broke up and sailed down the Neva, April 22d, and St. Petersburg fired cannon to celebrate the opening of navigation.

☞ A temperance society under a new plan has been started in Iowa. Every man pledges himself that he will not treat nor be treated, but is not bound to abstain when alone.

☞ The famous maelstrom, on the coast of Norway, is so little feared that the fishermen pass and repass it in their vessels at all states of the tide, except at certain times in the winter, when the greatest rate of the tide does not exceed six miles an hour.

☞ Chicago claims to have the most valuable horse in America, "Bashaw, Jr.," for which $35,000 has lately been refused.

☞ One of the liquor dealers, discussing temperance before the Excise Board in New York, said that he went to Europe, some time ago, and never heard a glass of water asked for during his absence. He does not say what company he kept; but it is true that if you call for water in England it is always brought hot. They suppose you want to shave or make toddy. They do not even water their stock over there.

Anecdote of Bismarck.

A German gentleman furnishes the following anecdote of Bismarck. A clergyman in Schleswig-Holstein, who was student with the Count Bismarck at Gottenberg, had a son who wished to get a situation in the Prussian marine. This induced him to write a letter in favor of his son to Bismarck, though he scarcely hoped to get an answer. The difficulty with him was how to address the letter without displeasing the count. Finally he thought "His Highness" the proper expression, and sent off his letter. To the surprise of the writer he received an answer in a few days, of which the following is an extract: "You old blockhead, you; do you think I have forgotten the happy time when we studied and drank together at Gottenberg, and when we so often waited on each other? and now how can you address me in such a foolish way? Please don't call me again His Highness. We will remain on the same intimate feeling. Regarding your son, send him to me. I will take care of him."

☞ The Chinese made wooden hams six hundred years ago. Talk about Yankee cunning and wooden nutmegs after that!

☞ A Newport newspaper publishes the births under the head of new music.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull; sales of 1000 bbls Northwest extra family at $6@6,75, and 9000 bbls in lots to the retailers and bakers at $5@5,25 for superfine; $5,25@6,25 for extra; $6,50@8 for Penna extra family; $7@8,50 for Ohio extra family; $6@6,75 for Northwest extra family, and $9@11 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. 400 bbls Rye Flour sold at $5,75@7.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat; 20,000 bus red sold at $1,43@1,50; 18,000 bus amber at $1,55@1,62½; 4000 bus California at $1,70@1,72; 5000 bus on private terms; 4000 bus No 1 spring at $1,45@1,50, the latter rate for choice and 5000 bus white at $1,70@1,75 ₱ bus. Rye; 3500 bus Penna and Western sold at $1,37@1,40 ₱ bus. Corn; sales of 28,000 bus prime yellow at 90@93c; 20,000 bus Western mixed at 88@89c; 5000 bus white at 85@87c. Oats; 30,000 bus sold at 77@80c for Western, and 60@75c for Southern and Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of 250 bbls Mess Pork at $22,35@22,50. Mess Beef sells at $22@23 for city packed. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16@18½c, and Shoulders at 14@14½. Green Meats—500 tcs pickled Hams sold at 17@17½c; and split Shoulders at 13@13½c. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls and tcs Western at 18½@19c for steam and kettled rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 18@20c, and prime roll at 22@23c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 22@22c. Eggs sell at 20@21c ₱ doz.

COTTON—About 700 bales of middlings sold at 28½@28¾c for Uplands, and 29½c for New Orleans.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,35@1,40; mixed do $1,20@1,25; inferior do $1,10@1,15, and Straw $1,70@1,75.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing; sales of 400 tons No. 1 Anthracite at $40@41, and No. 2 at $28. Scotch Pig is quoted at $42 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron is quoted at $56 ₱ ton for Bars.

☞ A kind-hearted correspondent wishes us to state in our columns that a simple gargle made of salt, vinegar, pepper, and warm water, in proportions to make a pleasant combination, will cure a common sore throat in a very short time. It only needs thorough application to convince any one of its efficacy.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5½@7½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ Charlet, the French draughtsman, calls Victor Hugo's style a dishclout covered with spangles.

Nature is the Great Physician.

This is now admitted, by the medical profession, as a fundamental principle of healing science. It is wisely provided by the human economy that whenever anything is wrong in the physical system the natural forces of the body are brought to bear to expel the disease. The great aim, therefore, is to strengthen the natural powers. This has been kept in view by the skillful compounders of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, which operates to give fresh vitality to all the organs of the body. The effect of this medicine upon the stomach, the liver and the kidneys, is prompt and decisive. The patient, who is wise enough to quit drugging and try the BITTERS, soon feels as if he had taken a new lease of life, and as he continues the use of the article, he is overjoyed to find the streams of health coursing through his frame. It is prepared with great care, and its component parts are entirely vegetable. It is free from the objections so often urged against preparations of the kind. As a *MEDICAL AGENT* it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing and efficient. All who have used HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS attest its virtues.

Even those who are in the enjoyment of perfect health frequently have need to have recourse to tonics as preventives of disease. We are never too well armed against the assaults of "the ills that flesh is heir to." In health or sickness this tonic cannot be taken regularly without giving vitality and elasticity to the system. jc5-4t

☞ A Newport painter at work on a house in that city, to save the necessity of answering questions hangs out the following bulletin: "Answers to all questions—Building red. Sashes blue. Bricks to be pencilled if the money holds out. Only one coat. Hudson, painter."

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
129 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ Seven persons a day died of drunkenness last year in Russia. The whole number was two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight.

Asthma.—Upwards of one thousand of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by using *Jones Whitcomb's Remedy* for Asthma. In no case of purely asthmatic character, has it failed to give prompt relief, and in many cases, a permanent cure has been effected. No danger need be apprehended from its use. An infant may take it with perfect safety.

How to Advertise.

The following conversation occurred between the editor of a New York paper and H. T. Helmbold, druggist, 594 Broadway.

Editor.—"Doctor, I understand that you advertise in more than two thousand newspapers."

Doctor.—"Yes, sir. Of the four thousand papers published in the United States, I advertise in two thousand seven hundred."

Editor.—"It is really astonishing, doctor, how you can make it pay, and how you manage to keep the account of all of them, keeping your advertisements in the positions agreed upon, make the necessary changes, etc."

Doctor.—"Well, sir, I will explain the matter, and enter into a few details which may interest you. Some eighteen years ago I had a small drug store in the city of Philadelphia, and at that time manufactured my fluid extracts. They had but a limited sale, and it required consi derable effort to bring them to the notice of physicians. I was tolerably successful ultimately, and they were very generally prescribed by medical practitioners. At this time extracts were sold in bulk—by the pound—as 'paregoric,' 'syrup of squills,' and other compounds are sold. My business increased in this way, but the protection afforded me was slight. A druggist, receiving a physician's prescription for my article, for instance, would, in many cases, substitute that of his own manufacture, thereby causing difficulty between the practitioner and myself. My interests became so completely jeopardized that I concluded either not to sell to dealers in bulk, notify physicians of my determination, and be satisfied to remain an obscure druggist in the upper part of a large city, or adopt some entirely different method. My mind was considerably exercised as to what plan was the best to adopt. I was aware of the singular prejudice existing in the minds of practitioners and 'high-toned druggists' against advertised remedies; and, in truth, I then had but limited means at my command to experiment in 'printer's ink,' when, one bright morning, while I was sitting in my store waiting for customers, the Rev. Mr. Quinn, of Philadelphia, happened in, and said, 'Doctor, you have a nice little store, and seem to be doing a fair business;' to which I replied in the affirmative. He then remarked, 'Doctor, this is a business I think would suit me. I presume I could employ a competent druggist, devote some of my spare time to looking after the business, and thus make it pay. What think you?' The idea at once flashed across my mind to sell out, and I said I did not suppose he would have any difficulty in carrying out his proposition. He then inquired the amount I would sell out for, whereupon I named a sum, and he accepted the offer. The negotiation was no sooner concluded than I began to look out for a new place, and, with a few hundred dollars as my cash capital, was not long in finding a small office, at 810 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, which I rented, opened, and made ready for business in a few days. Advertising to me was a new and untried field; but, with the small capital left, I determined to know—and that quickly—its merit and value; for even at that early date I was no hand to loiter, and I concluded to know in a month. I manufactured a small stock and expended all my surplus cash—amounting to about $2,000—in that short period. My experimental programme worked admirably, and from that time I continued to succeed, and increased my advertising in a corresponding proportion. On these principles I have managed to enlarge and expand my business, until it has assumed its present magnitude."

Editor.—"But, doctor, how do you manage about the making of contracts, the payments to publishers, etc.?"

Doctor.—"Oh! that is a simple matter. When I have funds to spare I invest the money in extending my name and business, just as a man does who purchases real estate or cultivates a farm; and I consider the investment equally good, in every respect. Nor do I ever attempt to make contracts without the means to make payments; any more than a good farmer would think of cultivating his soil without the funds to pay for cultivation."

Editor.—"But, doctor, you have not yet exactly answered my question; what I wish to know more particularly is, how you make your contracts, and how you know what profits are derived from the different sources."

Doctor.—"Well, these are questions frequently asked of me in my place of business, on the street, or wherever I may happen to be. It is one of the first questions asked by business men, and, moreover, I seldom open my daily correspondence without finding two or three letters relative to the same subject, some going so far as to ask my views of the value as advertising mediums, of the different papers I patronize. These writers always receive civil replies. But, while we are on this theme, Mr. Editor, permit me to relate a little incident that occurred to me, and which I frequently relate to those with whom I am familiarly acquainted. It happened about fifteen years ago, while I was yet young in the business. To commence:—I chanced to be in the city of Washington, on my way South, and, as usual, was desirous of progressing on my journey as rapidly as possible. It was about 5 P. M. when I arrived. I did not wait until after dinner; I wanted to know the proprietor of the leading paper in the capital, and to make a contract for advertising; so to him I straightway proceeded. He was out riding, I was informed, and would not return to his office again that day. I inquired for his residence, and, this ascertained, I determined to see him that night, as I desired to leave early on the morning of the following day. Dinner being over, I started out in search of Mr. Wallach. Finding Mr. Wallach at home, I presented my card, and related my business. His reply was polite, but pungent, and to the point, in something like these words:—'This is not my office, sir; I can be found there from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and my clerks attend to advertising.' 'But, Mr. Wallach,' I remonstrated, 'that is all very well, but I want to know you. I wish to leave in the early morning train, and I know you will accommodate me.' 'Well, what do you want, sir, in the way of advertising?' I showed him the space, for which he immediately named a price, and which I accepted as quickly. After closing the bargain, he remarked: 'If you had left this over until morning, you could have had it for one-half the sum—yes, probably for less than half, if you had fought hard.' I replied: 'If that is the case, probably I had better pay half yearly in advance?' He guessed that was a good idea, and I paid for the whole six months in advance; but, remember, I *knew Mr. Wallach.*"

Editor.—"Doctor, do you mean to state that you pursue this liberal course with all the papers in which you advertise—and are you acquainted with the publishers of twenty-seven hundred papers?"

Doctor.—"With the proprietors of all the leading papers, and the majority of the others, I enjoy a personal acquaintance; and I have sometimes paid from *fifteen hundred* to *three thousand* dollars for the single insertion of an advertisement, knowing that in such cases the amount of space occupied, and the importance of the transaction, would necessitate an interview. On one occasion, I offered the sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS for a page. The offer was accepted, but afterward declined, on account of press of matter, notwithstanding it was *double the usual advertising rates.* This was at the time of the fall of Richmond. To conclude, I always prefer dealing directly with publishers; friendly relations once established, I have no fear of accepting their best rates."

Editor.—"Well, doctor, I guess I shall have to follow your advice.

P. S.—Editor proceeds to his *sanctum*, puts in print the entire conversation, and, fearing that the doctor may take umbrage at his action, takes the precaution to mail him a marked paper.

☞ Why is it important for a physician to "keep his temper?" "Because if he did not, he would be apt to lose his patients."

Interesting to Ladies.

My Grover & Baker Machines has been in constant daily use, excepting Sundays, for the past *twelve years*, and it has never needed the slightest repairs. It has been used on all kinds of sewing, and has always given perfect satisfaction. I believe the Grover & Baker to be far superior to any other machine both as regards the quality of the work it performs, and the little trouble it requires to operate and keep it in order.—*Mrs. E. W. Hough, 85 Bond st., New York.*

☞ A White Pine correspondent quotes the intrinsic value of a share in certain popular mining companies as "the smell of a dime."

SWEET ANSWER.—A little boy and girl, each probably five years old, were by the roadside. As we came up, the boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry piteously. The boy stood looking on sullenly for a minute, and then said: "I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry." The little rosy face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said: "Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me."

S—a—r—s—a—p—a—r—i—l—l—i—a—n.

HIDDEN VIRTUES BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For 300 years the curative properties of Sarsaparilla have lain dormant in a part of the root, that have escaped the notice of chemists. By the *new process recently discovered* by *Dr. RADWAY*, in extracting the medicinal properties from vegetable substances that enter the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, *SARSAPARILLIAN*, the crystalline principle of Sarsaparilla, was found to possess *the true virtues* ascribed to this root, and, obtained as it now is under *Dr. RADWAY'S new process*, rescues, by its wonderful curative power over all forms of Chronic, Skin, Scrofulous, and uncured secondary diseases, the reputation of Sarsaparilla from the unfavorable opinions of the medical faculty.

SARSAPARILLIAN, SARSAPARILLIAN, associated with other ingredients of extraordinary curative properties, enters into the composition of *RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT*, and this remedy may now be considered as the most effectual and quick curative remedy in all Chronic Glandular, Skin, Kidney, Bladder, and Urinary diseases. In diseases of the Lungs, Bronchi, Throat, and Liver, it affords immediate assistance. It communicates its curative powers through the blood, sweat, and urine. The moment it is swallowed it commences its work of purification and the expulsion of corrupt humors from the blood. It repairs the waste of the body with sound and healthy material, and secures functional harmony of each depraved organ in the natural secretion of its proper constituents. In cases where there is difficulty in the Kidneys, and Diabetes, Gravel, Catarrh, or Irritation of the Bladder, Bright's Disease, &c., &c., is present, this remedy will give immediate relief, and insure a cure.

Question.—Dr. A. asks, "Will your Resolvent make a permanent cure of uncured secondary disease? If so, have you satisfactory proof?"

Answer.—We have a number of cases of persons that were unsuccessfully treated on the Parisian plan of vapor baths of Mercury, Arsenic, Sulphur, and the administration of Mercury, Potass, Iodine, where their sufferings were only suppressed, and in a few months the disease appeared again—that as far back as 1849-50—and when treated by the Renovating Resolvent, as prepared under the new process, were cured, and, since married, have had children, and no trace of disease or impure blood has been developed in their children up to this time. We have not heard of one instance of the reappearance of the old disease that was treated by the Resolvent under its new mode of preparation. As it is now prepared, its power over all diseases generated in the blood, or where there are poisonous elements in the blood, either Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Worms in the Skin, Salt Rheum, Cancerous Ulcers or Tumors, is quick and positive. In all cases where there is disease caused by impure blood, depraved habit of system, functional derangement, or through the evil effects of Mercury or imperfect digestion, this remedy *will cure*, if it is in the power of human agency to do so. The experience of over 25 years gives us confidence in the curative efficacy of our remedies, and justifies us in making these promises to the public.

Price of R. R. Resolvent (Sarsaparillian), $3 for six bottles, or $1 per bottle, at No. 87 Maiden lane, and by druggists. Ask for *RADWAY'S RESOLVENT*, and see that each bottle has the word *SARSAPARILLIAN* on the outside label.

RADWAY & Co., No. 87 Maiden lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists everywhere, and in Philadelphia by Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch St.
my29-tf

☞ A man much addicted to snoring remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning that he had slept "like a top." "I know it," said the other; "like a humming-top."

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by
my8-2m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ Have you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse jockey. "No, not exactly; but I have broken three or four wagons."

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-2m

☞ The public singer that "draws" best is the mosquito.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Let no sufferer from chronic dyspepsia or liver disease despair; this remedy will inevitably perform the task the doctor has abandoned, and restore the patient to health.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of May, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. SAMUEL S. DUNCAN to Miss LOUISA E. GRIFFITH, daughter of Wm. Griffith, Esq., of this city.

On the 4th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. ROBERT T. GRAVES to Mrs. PAULINE RAYMALD, both of this city.

On the 20th of May, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. E. CLAY GIBBS to Miss AMELIA S. HALLOWELL, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 20th of May, by the Rev. Wm. M. Cooper, D. D., Dr. EUGENE J. SANTEE to JENNIE, daughter of the late Wm. McMackin, both of this city.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, GEORGE C. HOSTER to IDA, daughter of Wm. Walton, Esq., both of this city.

On the 24th of May, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. ALBERT B. SHINN, of Mooreslown, N. J., to Miss LIZZIE F. TILTON, of Burlington county, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of May, ALFRED S. PHILLIPS, aged 32 years.

On the 25th of May, ANN PETERS, in her 82d year.

On the 24th of May, Mrs. SARAH MILLER, in her 48th year.

On the 24th of May, ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. P. Mott.

On the 24th of May, ANNA SPENCER, in her 71st year.

On the 23d of May, JOHN FULTON, in his 74th year.

On the 22d of May, HENRY D. GILLINGHAM, in his 63d year.

On the 23d of May, JOHN FLEMING, in his 83d year.

On the 22d of May, JOHN M. BANES, in his 40th year.

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

I.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, oh, bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

II.

What's the world, my lass, my love!—what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

III.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, oh, bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me thy man; now the song begins:
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

IV.

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day. —*Jean Ingelow.*

Lyle Trent's Lesson.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY E. A.

"Oh, Lyle, please take me to the theatre to-night. Won't you? Forrest is to play Richelieu. I have never seen him in that, and it will be *such* a treat to me. Won't you take me, Lyle?" and lovely little Amy Trent looked up from the paper she was reading into her husband's face with such a wistful expression in her large, violet eyes.

"Indeed, I would take you willingly, but then I fear I can't get off from the store in time. Next week, maybe, I'll have an evening to spare. Bye bye, pet, don't wait tea for me," and Lyle Trent, having finished his breakfast, pushed back his chair, and departed.

"It is too bad, I declare;" and poor little Amy looked ready to cry. "This is the fourth time he has refused me within the two months we have been married. I know that he does not stay at the store so late of evenings; but he always has some excuse or other. He really deserves to be punished, so he does. It is too bad in him always to refuse me in the manner he does. I won't stand it," and Amy's tiny hand was clenched into a diminutive "sledge hammer."

That evening Mr. Lyle did not make his appearance until after ten o'clock. Amy looked perfectly bewitching in her drab merino dress, trimmed with scarlet velvet, and ribbon of the same hue wound about her small, graceful head, with its profusion of dark curls, which were continually falling over her forehead in the most charming disorder, do what she would to keep them in place.

"Oh, Lyle, dear, is that you? How tired you must be, working so hard all day in that stupid store. Here, take this easy chair, dear, and take a good rest."

Looking rather sheepish, Lyle permitted himself to be placed in the arm-chair. Amy brought him his slippers, and busied herself about him with numberless little attentions. At last, seating herself on a low stool at his feet, she looked up into his face with *such* a demure expression.

"Poor, dear Lyle, are you a little rested now? I assure you, you quite frightened me when you came in, you looked so fatigued. I don't know how you stand it, I am sure; you are not used to it, you know. Why, before we were married, don't you remember, you used to take the greatest lot of exercise and recreation? Why, you scarcely ever passed a quiet evening with me, you had so many engagements, you know. You actually used to go over to New York and Washington merely to attend balls or parties given there; but since we have been married, you seem to have lost all taste for such amusements. I hope I am not the cause of it, am I, dear? But—here I am talking away; and perhaps you have not had your tea yet. Have you, Lyle?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, I've had my tea. The fact is, Randal, Gale and a lot of fellows, dropped in to see me this afternoon, and we went out and took supper together."

"Oh!" was all the answer Amy made, with the most innocent expression imaginable.

The next evening Mr. Trent did not return any sooner; and Amy was compelled to pass the entire evening, as usual, alone.

"Can you spare time to accompany me to Hafleigh's this afternoon, Lyle, dear?" sweetly asked Mrs. Trent, of her liege lord, one morning. "I want to get some dresses and things; and I would *so* like you to go with me to help select them."

"Quite impossible, my dear—out of the question. I have not that much time to spare. Select your dresses by yourself, love, and have the bill sent in to me. I am sure that is all a little wife need ask,—isn't it?"

"Oh, yes—I am quite satisfied, I am sure. Of course I should have liked to have you with me; but if it cannot be helped—"

"No, my dear, it cannot be helped; perhaps some other time—"

"Yes, dear, some other time." And Amy held up her rosebud of a mouth for his good-bye kiss.

"Well, there's no mistake about it, she is the sweetest little thing in the world. I ought to have said I'd go with her to-day. But then—women are so queer; they want you to be taking them about all the time—and that wouldn't do." And Mr. Trent puffed away vigorously at his cigar, and proceeded leisurely on his way down town.

One evening, on arriving at home, Mr. Trent was met with the announcement—made by Bridget—that the mistress was gone out, and would not be back till late; and if the master felt tired, he was not to wait up on any account.

"That will do—you may go, Bridget. Well, this is a pretty state of affairs. Gone out, indeed. Not be home till late. Never thought it worth while to tell me anything about it. Oh, well, I suppose I can wait until she thinks fit to return." And in an uncommonly sulky state of mind, Mr. Trent took up a book, and awaited Mrs. Trent's arrival.

After what seemed to him an interminable long time, she came in radiant, smiling, her mauve silk trailing in graceful folds behind her, and her white Cashmere cloak partly covering the snowy shoulders, dimly seen through the mist of white lace which enveloped them like a cloud, a diamond star flashing amidst the dark curls falling over the brow, her eyes sparkling and cheeks flushed, she looked more lovely than Lyle had ever seen her; but he took no notice of her, and went on reading as if his life depended on it.

"Why, Lyle, dear," Amy exclaimed, "have you been in long?"

"Since ten," replied the much-abused Lyle, without looking up from his book.

"Oh! then you have not been waiting for me so very long," innocently responded Amy. "It is just eleven by my watch. Oh, Lyle, dear, I've had such a splendid time. I doubt if I ever enjoyed myself more. I've been to the opera with brother Fred and his wife, and it was really delightful. La Grange never sang better, and as I had not been out for so long it was such a treat; and then so many I know happened to be there this evening. You should have heard the compliments paid me. Brother Fred was quite proud of me, I assure you."

"Indeed," replied Lyle, glaring at his book. "And what compliments were paid you? and who paid them?"

"Oh, they were friends of yours, too, Lyle. Harvey Randal, Charley Gale, and three or four others. But you need not think I am going to repeat what they said. Spare my blushes. Oh, by-the-way, Lyle, Em. Snyder was there, and she was so surprised to see me; she said she had supposed I did not care for the opera, as she had seen you there no less than three times last week, and as I was not with you, concluded I did not care to go."

"Confound Em. Snyder," muttered suffering Lyle. "Well, you see, Amy, I could not well refuse. I met a lot of fellows I know, and they insisted on my going with them, and I could not well refuse."

"Of course not, dear. I would not expect you to. And—I forgot to tell you—I went down to the store this afternoon, intending to tell you about my going out this evening, but I was too late for you. Williams told me you were seldom if ever there after three."

"Ahem. Yes. Well, I don't suppose you have anything to say against that, have you?"

"Oh, dear, no. Nothing at all. But is it not getting rather late, love? I am the least bit tired—and I have lots of engagements for to-morrow. I—"

"What engagements? Who? With? What?" And the startled Lyle sat bolt upright, with distended eyes and parted lips.

"Oh, nothing that will take you from business, dear," sweetly replied Amy. "I assure you I need scarcely trouble you in future. Harvey Randal is coming to take me out driving to-morrow morning, and we are going to make up a party for the theatre in the evening, and on Thursday there is a matinee at the Academy, and in the evening Mrs. Thornton's party. Harvey Randal promised to be my escort."

"D—n Harvey Randal," exclaimed the now infuriated Lyle, starting up, kicking footstools, ottomans, "and whatever obstructed his path" about in picturesque confusion.

"Why, Lyle dear! What in the world is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"No, but I soon shall be if you drive me to destruction at this rate."

"What, *I* drive you to destruction, Lyle?"

"Yes, you. Have you not been flirting with Randal the whole blessed evening—and do you not intend to flirt with him, and the deuce knows how many others for days and weeks to come? A pretty sort of home I shall have to come to. Nobody here to receive me. That's nice, isn't it? Pleasant. Very." And Lyle glared at the unconscious poodle lying on the rug with such effect as to cause that quadruped to seek refuge beneath the sofa cushions.

"*I* flirt with Harvey Randal, or any one else? No, indeed, Lyle, you are quite mistaken. I only accept his services as an escort. I am sure he is very kind."

"Oh, very kind. Exceedingly kind to take *my* wife about everywhere and every place, where it is her husband's right to take her."

"Exactly, you have just expressed it, Lyle. Where it is my husband's place to take me. That husband who has almost invariably refused me any favors I have asked at his hands; who is always either too busy or has prior engagements whenever I require his services. Now, Lyle, I am in earnest in what I say. The time for understanding each other thoroughly has arrived. You have not attended to business more closely since our marriage than before it. *Then* you nearly always had unlimited time at *your* disposal,—strictly at *your* disposal—not mine. Even then, before you married me, you neglected me, and sought your own pleasures. Scarcely an evening passed that *you* did not attend some ball, party, theatre, or opera; you even frequently left town in order to take part in certain amusements. I kept silent, thinking that after we were married you would desire me to participate in your pleasures. But no; instead of that, I sit here alone, evening after evening. If I ask you to take me to this or that place, you always find a ready excuse, and I am compelled to remain at home. You cannot complain that I am unreasonable in my requests. I only desire some recreation, some change once in a while, and if *you* do not give it to me, I know those who will."

Lyle stood as if transfixed, whilst Amy made this long speech. His eyes were at last opened to his utter selfishness. How could he have been so blind, so self-engrossed? His lovely, darling, precious little wife pining at home, whilst he was enjoying himself, regardless of her loneliness. Perhaps it was too late to redeem all. Perhaps she did not care any more for his society, but preferred that of others—Harvey Randal's, maybe. These thoughts passed like lightning through poor Lyle's brain.

"Amy! Amy!" he cried, as she was about turning to leave the room; "can you forgive my inconsiderate conduct, my utter selfishness? Oh, my precious little wife, forgive me but this once, and you shall never, never have cause to complain of me again."

"Lyle, Lyle, do you really mean it? Forgive you! Yes, with my whole heart!" was Amy's reply, as she sank into the arms outstretched to receive her.

It is needless to remark that Harvey Randal's services, in future, as Mrs. Trent's escort, were not required. And everyone said that a more devoted, attentive, affectionate husband than Lyle Trent never existed; for Lyle never forgot the lesson he had received.

A Wicked Prank.

Wednesday night quite a fashionable wedding was celebrated. The bride was pretty, as all newly-married ladies are, and the groom was the glass of fashion and the mould of form. A number of invited guests lent grace and beauty to the occasion, and hearty congratulations testified the good wishes of many friends, for the happiness of the newly-married pair. But the hours waned rapidly, and the time for retiring came at last. The bride was led by laughing bridesmaids up to her chamber door. But imagine their surprise when it was opened by a lady richly and elegantly clad in a travelling suit, and evidently waiting for an interview.

"I beg pardon, madam, but you appear astonished," said the strange lady.

"I must confess I did not expect to see any one here," replied the bride.

"No, madam; I came in very privately, and wished an interview, subject to no interruption."

It did not occur to the bride to inquire by whom she had been introduced, or by what means she had gained access to her apartment.

"It is very strange, ma'am, and I can't imagine why you wish to speak to me!"

"The reason is simple. The man you have just married has imposed upon you. I am his wife."

"Oh, impossible! you rave!" And the lady sank into a chair almost fainting.

Of course the bridesmaids screamed.—Such a succession of shrieks one has rarely heard. It speedily brought the family to the door with terror-stricken faces, and with them the bridegroom, all asking with trembling lips, "What in the world is the matter?"

"Oh, Edward!" cried the bride, "this person says she's your wife."

"My wife!" shouted the astonished husband; "why, she's insane!"

The strange lady stood up calm and unruffled.

"Is it possible, sir, that having perpetrated this great wickedness, you will have the hardihood to deny that I am your lawfully-wedded wife?" she asked, looking the sorely-troubled Edward full in the eye.

"Why, confound you, woman! I never saw you before in my life!" exclaimed the astonished man.

The lady regarded him very much as a minister would a person given over to total depravity.

"Oh, Edward! I'm afraid it's true! and I loved you so," sobbed the young wife; "how could you have treated me so?"

"I tell you I haven't got any wife but you; this woman is an impostor."

The strange lady uttered a low, mocking laugh. The scene was getting interesting to the last degree. The ladies were all crying, and the father of the bride looking stern and indignant. He had been for some time intently regarding the strange lady, when suddenly his eyes lighted up, and an amused smile played upon his lips. He took a step forward, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the stranger, said, "Come, John, this is very cleverly played, but it's time it was over," and following the impulse of his arm, the stranger was pushed into the hall.

"John—who—what?" all exclaimed at once.

It was the bride's younger brother, a wicked boy, who had played a naughty prank, with the aid of his sister's travelling suit and her cast-off chignon and curls.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that harmony was very speedily restored.

Proverbs.

Spain is rich in proverbs. One of them runs, "By the road of by-and-by one arrives at the town of Never." There is much richness and beauty in the Italian proverbs, "Time and patience change the mulberry leaf into satin;" but many others alluding to vengeance are terribly significant. The proverbs of Africa partake largely of the physical aspect and moral characteristics of the country. We say of a lucky person, "He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth." On the Nile it is, "Throw him into the river and he will come up with a fish in his mouth;" "A small datestone is large enough to prop up a large water jar;" "The corn passes from hand to hand, but it comes to the mill at last;" "What can I think of thy good qualities, O onion! since every bite draws tears?" "The beetle is a beauty in the eyes of its mother;" "Say good-morning to the bean-seller, not to the druggist," meaning that it is better to be poor and well than rich and ill; "A husband between two parrots is like a head beaten with two sticks;" "The camel has his own opinion and the camel-driver has his," are all African.

The Egyptian says: "When crows are the guides of a people they lead the carcass to the dogs;" "The merit belongs to the beginner, should his successor do even better." Turning to the Western negroes we find: "The sun is the king of torches;" "If nothing touches the palm leaves they do not rustle;" "No one gives a cat to a hyena to keep;" "The leopard is absent, so they play with her cubs;" "The parasite has no root;" "Two crocodiles cannot live in one hole;" "Do not curse the crocodile's mother before you cross the river;" "Human blood is heavy, the man that has shed it cannot run away;" "The frog enjoys itself in water, but not in hot water;" "The razor cannot shave itself;" "Were it not for fingers the hand would be a spoon."

The Welsh have: "If thou wouldst have praise, die;" "By the side of sickness health becomes sweet;" "He is not altogether bad who maketh another better;" "No man is good unless others are made better by him;" "If every fool wore a crown we should all be kings."

Ireland is not rich in proverbs, but this one is characteristic, "Don't throw out your dirty water till you have got in your clane." Many proverbs are strictly local, as of a lazy man, "He is as idle as London's dogs that leaned against the wall to bark," or, of one with no taste for music, "He is like Mat Davies' bull that tossed the fiddler into the tree."

☞ MANY RETURNS.—There was some tittering the other day at a wedding-breakfast, when one of the guests wished the bride "many returns of the happy occasion." The bridegroom looked sad thereat.

Well-Assorted Marriages.

Rev. Dr. Lamson, of Brookline, Mass., enters his earnest protest, through the Boston Reflector, against the prevalent doctrine that the great majority of modern marriages are ill-assorted and unhappy. He regards this opinion as not only false, but deeply pernicious, tending to produce the very state of things which it asserts to be so very common. He says that in the course of his long ministry of about thirty years, he has been brought into relations of comparative intimacy with at least four hundred families, and among all these he can scarcely count a dozen ill-assorted marriages. On the contrary, in considering with how little care marriages are often contracted, his habitual wonder has been why there are not more unhappy marriages than really exist. In accounting for the prevalence of the opinion which he condemns as false and pernicious, Dr. Lamson suggests that in most cases it is the result of inconsideration; and because a single case of unhappy marriage, within one's circle of acquaintance, so overtops and overshadows the multitude of happy unions.

Another reason might have been given for the prevalence of this opinion, viz.: Few people, in estimating the happiness of a married couple, make due allowance for human imperfection. No two human beings can be brought into the intimate relationship of husband and wife without the occasional development of something discordant. Only perfect, absolutely sinless persons, could live absolutely perfect lives together: and such men and women can never be found in this world; and as in another world there will be no marrying, absolutely perfect marriages can never be realized either in this world or in that which is to come. But are not the vast majority of married persons quite as happy as an equal number of unmarried ones? Nay, more, are not the great majority of married people as happy in their married state as they would be unmarried? And still more, are they not as happy with each other as they would be with anybody else? By a change of partners they might get rid of some one or more causes of disturbance between them—some constitutional defects or infirmities, or some disagreeable cherished habits; but they would find in other parties other causes of disturbance quite as serious, though of an entirely different kind; so that, after all, it might be very difficult to say on which side there was the greatest amount of happiness or misery. The fact is, that men and women are susceptible of only a given amount of contentment and happiness in any condition of life; and, marry whom they will, they can never exceed their capacity for enjoyment. Many people are foolish enough to imagine that marriage is the sovereign cure for all the disquietudes and miseries of life; and when they get married, and yet find their favorite panacea does not work perfectly, they jump to the conclusion that it is because their marriage was not a true one; that it was ill-assorted, and therefore an unhappy one; whereas the trouble is, that both husband and wife are human—neither divine nor angelic—and have, like all other human beings, more or less of sinful infirmity about them.

A DARKENED NURSERY.

There's room enough in the nursery now,
'Twas crowded a little before;
For when the crib in the corner sat,
The rockers came close to the door,
But the light was sweet and the air was soft,
And the room was filled with cheer;
For we all were charmed to the chosen spot,
By the voice of the baby dear.

Where is the sunshine?
Where is the noise?
Where are the playthings gone?
What shall I do with my empty arms?
Sitting alone, alone!
What shall I do with the vacant crib?
Where shall I set his chair?
Must the little one's clothes come down?
O, let me leave them there!

Fold the little garments,
Lay them softly by;
Put away the playthings,
Check the choking sigh.

Turn thee to thy duties,
Take up life again,
Newly consecrated
By this precious pain.

Work—thy face full heavenward;
Give thy life to God.
His sweet peace shall keep thee,
If thou "kiss the rod."—*Evangelist.*

The Singing Fish.

One day as I was returning to Tallahassee from a hunting excursion in Florida, says a recent traveller, we were rowing along by the shore, about sunset, when suddenly a strange, grave, and prolonged sound struck my ear. At first I thought it must be a drone, or fly of extraordinary magnitude; but seeing nothing, I questioned my guide as to what it could be. "Oh, massa," replied he, "dat is de fish what sings. Some call it siren or mermaid fish, and others musico." A little way on we heard a greater chorus of these strange voices reminding me faintly of the music of church organs. —I stopped the canoe, the better to study this strange phenomenon; when, at my request, my sable oarsman threw a net into the water, and soon laid at the bottom of the boat about a score of little fish, each about ten inches long, resembling the gray mullet very closely in outward form.

"Dese be mermaids, massa," said the negro; "but in de name of Hebben, don't eat dem." "Why not?" quoth I. "Because they hab de lub poison." "Lub poison! And pray what is that?" "Yes, massa; when you eat one of dese fish, you fall so deep in lub you can never get out again."

I tried to laugh my black friend out of his notion, but in vain. In spite of what he said, however, I had my musicos fried that evening, and found, as I expected, that I was none the worse for the experiment. The musician fish is white, with a few blue spots near the belly. It is about sunset when these fish begin to sing, imitating the grave and sonorous droning of an organ, just as it reaches your ear when you stand outside the church.

☞ Until General Stoneman's recent removal of one Trumbull from office as a clerk of Brunswick county, Va., the Trumbull family have been continuously clerks of that county since 1737—133 years.

BETTER.

That haunting dream of Better,
Forever at our side!
It tints the far horizon,
It sparkles on the tide.
The cradle of the Present
Too narrow is for rest;
The feet of the Immortal
Leap forth to seek the Best.

O beauty, trailing sadness!
Despair, hope's loftiest birth!
With tears and aspirations
Have ye bedewed the earth.
The opening buds of April
Untimely frost may chill,
The soul of sweet October
Faints out in mystery still.

What buriest thou, gay childhood?
Swift youth, what fled with thee?
Laugh'st at our losses, Sorrow,
As in some godlike glee?
Away, away forever,
Our vessels seem to sail;
The Eternal Breath o'ertakes them—
Home speeds them every gale.

A Coyote Concert.

A camp or bivouac on the Plains can have no better safeguard during the dark hours of night than that which is furnished unasked by the coyotes and gray wolves that usually put in an appearance just as the second or reflected sunset tinge is fading from the higher clouds. During the winter season night falls so quickly on the Plains that the twilight hour is a thing of name rather than fact. The last of sunset is the commencement of night. At this hour you may hear far in the distance the quick bark of a single coyote. A moment after the yelping of a number of wolves answers this first call. The pack is assembling rapidly, and by the time darkness has shut out your view of the nearer surroundings you will listen to a howling-match—a sort of preliminary trial of voice, which invariably denotes the surrounding of your camp by the new-comers. This howl is short, and seems to be executed by a chosen few. A silence of a few moments' duration follows. Then the whole band breaks out, and the unearthly noise which greets your ear is second to nothing in all the long catalogue of noises. Kit Carson averred it was "only a little dispute as to which coyote had, as the winner of the match, the right to take the stakes (steaks)." It is quite impossible to do full justice to this wolf music. There is no racket known to the inhabitants of the more civilized sections of our country which will compare with it. All the felines in a neighborhood would not make a noise which would begin to equal wolf music. The hubbub to be heard at a session of the Board of Brokers is a faint comparison.

Hideous as this wolf concert would seem to ears unused to it, there is no more satisfactory lullaby to the habitual roamer over the Plains, for in the language of the section, "If any red-skin should take it under his scalp to look about camp, every cuss of them coyotes would shut his trap and wake the fellows up with the quiet." As the small hours of the night come on, a few of the wolves will steal into camp to secure edibles which have been carelessly left within their reach. At times they are so bold as to attempt the theft of a haversack of food upon which the head of a sleeper is pillowed, but seldom if ever will they make any attack upon the persons of the campers. As dawn comes the howling ceases, and a majority of the coyotes betake themselves to their burrows. Those wolves which linger retire to a safe distance from camp, and there, squatted on their haunches like dogs, await the removal of camp, hoping to secure a few scraps of food which may have been thrown away or abandoned.

It is an old saying among Plainsmen, "That the coyotes can smell a *States feller*, and then you will not see a coyote any where within rifle-shot of camp." A considerable experience goes with the Plainsman to bear him out in this assertion. "States fellers shoots at ary a live thing as jumps in their sight, whether it is any 'count to them or no," remarked an old hunter. Possibly this waste of ammunition may, to some extent, account for the supposed keen scent of the coyotes.—*Theodore R. Davis, in Harper's Magazine.*

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position.

If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food resting on the great vein of the body, near the backbone, compresses it, and arrest the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending dangers, and the desperate efforts to get rid of it, arouse us, and send on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in a perspiration, or feeling exhausted, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger.

But when we are unable to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice, when the trembling building crushes us—what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning, that "they were as well as ever they were the day before;" and often, it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or bilious colic ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ White silks are more fashionable than satin for brides.

BUILDING UPON THE SAND.

'Tis wise to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair!
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart to heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise part,"
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of sterling stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer-chest, and own
'Tis built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe whate'er we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

USUAL STYLE OF CHINESE BRIDGES.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

None of Robert Hunter's friends had arrived to claim him. It would have been remarkable, perhaps, if they had, since they had not been written to. Of male relatives he had none living, so far as was believed. His sister Susan was in a remote district of Yorkshire, and it was a positive fact that her address was unknown to both Anna Chester and Miss Thornycroft. Of course, the Miss Jupps could have supplied it on application, but nobody did apply. His half-sister, Mrs. Chester, was also uncertain in her domicile, here to-day, there to-morrow, and Anna had not heard from her for some months. The old saying that "Where there's a will there's a way," might have been exemplified, no doubt, in this case; but here there was no *will*. To all at Coastdown interested in the unfortunate matter, it had been a blessed relief could they have heard that Robert Hunter would lie in his quiet grave unclaimed for ever, his miserable end not inquired into. Richard Thornycroft had only too good personal cause to hope this, his sister also for his sake; and Mr. Thornycroft, acting on the caution Richard gave him as to the desirability of keeping other things quiet that were done on that eventful night, tacitly acquiesced in the silence. And Anna Chester—the only one besides who could be supposed to hold interest in the deceased—shuddered at the bare idea of writing to make it known; rather would she have cut off her right hand.

"They will be coming down fast enough with their inquiries from his office in London, when they find he does not return," spoke Richard gloomily the evening previous to the funeral. "No need to send them word before that time."

It was a snowy day. Mary Anne Thornycroft stood at the corridor window, from which a view of the path crossing from the village to the churchyard could be obtained. Only for a few yards of it: but she watched carefully, and saw the funeral go winding past. The sky was clear at the moment; the snow had ceased; but the whole landscape, far and near, presented a sheet of white, contrasting strangely with the sombre black of the procession. Such a thing as a hearse was not known in Coastdown, and the body was carried by eight bearers. The clergyman, Mr. Southall, walked first, in his surplice—it was the custom of the place—having gone down to the Mermaid with the rest. Following it were Justice Thornycroft and his son Isaac, Captain Copp and Mr. Kyne, who acted as mourners; and a number of spectators brought up the rear. Richard had gone out to a distance that day; he had business, he said. Cyril had not been heard of. Mr. Thornycroft bore the expenses of the funeral. Some money had been found in the pockets of the deceased, a sovereign in gold and some silver; nothing else except a white handkerchief.

Mary Anne strained her eyes, blinded by their tears, upon the short line, as its features came into view one by one, more distinctly than could have happened at any time but this of snow. All she had cared for in life was being carried past there; henceforth the world would be a miserable blank. Dead! Killed! Murdered!—murdered by her brother, Richard Thornycroft! Had it been done by anybody not connected with her by blood, some satisfaction might have been derived by bringing the crime home to its perpetrator. Had it been brought home to Richard—and of course *she* could not move to bring it—he would have battled it out, persisting he was justified. He called it justifiable homicide; she called it murder.

The distant line of black had passed now, and colors follow: men and women, boys and girls; displaying, if not all the tints of the rainbow, the shades and hues, dirt included, that prevail in the every-day attire of the great unwashed. Mary Anne glided into her room, and sank down on her knees in the darkest corner.

Some time after, when she thought they might be coming home, for the mourners would return to the Red Court, not the Mermaid, she came out again, her eyes swollen, and entered her step-mother's room. My lady, looking worse and worse, every day bringing her *palpably* nearer the grave, sat with her prayer-book in her hand. She had been reading the burial service. Ah, how changed she was; how changed in spirit!

"I suppose it is over," she said, in a subdued tone, as she laid the book down.

"Yes; by this time."

"May God rest his soul!" she breathed, to herself rather than to her companion.

Mary Anne covered her face with her hand, and for some moments there was perfect silence.

"I shall be going hence to-morrow, as you know," resumed Lady Ellis, "never to return, never perhaps to hold further communication with the Red Court Farm. I would ask you one thing first, Mary Anne, or the doubt and trouble will follow me: perhaps mix itself up with my thoughts in dying. What of Cyril?"

"Of Cyril?" returned Miss Thornycroft, lifting her face, rather in surprise. "We have not heard from him."

"Of course I know that. What I wish to ask is—what are the apprehensions?"

"There are none. Papa and my brothers seem perfectly at their ease in regard to him."

"Then whence arises this great weight of care, of tribulation, that lies on you?—that I can see lies on you, Mary Anne?"

"It is not on Cyril's account. The events of the last few days have frightened me," she hastened to add. "They have startled others as well as me."

"Ah, yes; true. And it seems to me so sad that you did not know the man who fired the pistol," continued Lady Ellis, who had no suspicion that Miss Thornycroft had not told the whole truth. "But to return to Cyril. If it be as you say, that they are easy about him, why, they must know something that I and others do not. I have asked your papa, but he only puts me off. Mary Anne, you might tell me."

Mary Anne made no immediate reply. She was considering what to do.

"The thought of Cyril is troubling me," resumed Lady Ellis. "As I lay awake last night, I thought *how much* I owed him. Were he my own son, his welfare could not be dearer to me than it is. Surely, Mary Anne, whatever you know of him, I may share it. The secret—if it be a secret—will be sacred with me."

"Yes, I am sure it will," spoke Mary Anne, impulsively. "Not that it is any particular secret," she added, with hesitation, framing the communication cautiously; "but still, papa has reasons for not wishing it to be known. He thinks Cyril has gone to Holland."

"To Holland?"

"Yes; we have friends there. And a ship was lying off here on Sunday night with other friends on board. Some of them, subsequent to the—the accident—came on shore in a little boat, and papa and Richard feel quite certain that Cyril went on board with them when they returned. But there are reasons why this must not be told to the public."

"What a relief!" cried the invalid. "My dear, it is safe with me. Dear Cyril! he will live to fulfill God's mission yet in the world. I shall not see him for a last farewell here, but we shall say it in heaven. Not a *farewell* there—a happy greeting."

A sort of muffled sound down stairs, and Mary Anne quitted the room to look. Yes, they were coming in in their black cloaks and hatbands, having left Robert Hunter in the grave in St. Peter's churchyard.

For all that could be seen at present he seemed likely to lie there at rest, undisturbed, uninquired after. And the name of his slayer with him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CURIOUS RUMORS.

April. And a fine spring evening.

The weeks have gone on since that miserable January time, bringing but little change to Coastdown or to those in it. Robert Hunter rested in his grave, uninquired for—though as to the word "rested" more hereafter—and Cyril Thornycroft had never returned. Lady Ellis had died in Cheltenham only a week after she went back to it.

That Cyril's remaining away so long and his not writing was singular in the extreme, no one doubted. Mr. Thornycroft grew uneasy, saying over and over again that some accident must have happened to him. Richard, however, had his private theory on the point, which he did not tell to the world. He believed now that Cyril and Hunter had returned that night together; that Cyril had witnessed the deliberate shot, had put off to the ship, and in his condemnation of the act would not come home to the Red Court so long as he, Richard, was in it.

But Richard could not tell this to his father, and Mr. Thornycroft one morning suddenly ordered his son Isaac abroad—to France, to Holland, to Flanders—to every place and town, in fact, where there was the least probability of Cyril's being found. The illicit business they had been engaged in caused them to have relations with several places on the Continent, and Cyril might be at any one of them. Isaac had but now returned—returned as he went, neither seeing nor hearing of Cyril. It was beginning to be more than singular. Surely if Cyril were within postal bounds of communication with England, he would write!

The supposition, held from the first, that he had gone off in the smuggling boats to the ship that night, and sailed with her on her homeward voyage, was far more probable than it might seem to strangers. Richard and Isaac had each done the same, more than once; as, in his younger days, had Mr. Thornycroft, thereby causing no end of alarm to his wife. Cyril, it is true, was quite different in disposition, not at all given to wild rovings; but they had assumed the fact, and been easy. Richard, unwillingly, but with a view to ease her suspense, imparted the theory he had recently adopted to his sister; and she thought he might be right. As Mary Anne observed to her own heart, it was a miserable business altogether, looked at from any point.

No direct confidence had been reposed in Isaac. Richard shrank from it. Isaac had many estimable qualities, although he helped to cheat Her Majesty's revenue, and thought it glorious fun. But he could not avoid entertaining suspicions of his brother, and one day he asked a question. "Never mind," shortly replied Richard; "Hunter got his deserts." It was no direct avowal, but Isaac drew his own conclusions, and was awfully shocked. He was as different from Richard in mind, in disposition, in the view he took of things in general, as light is from dark. The blow to Isaac was dreadful. He could not, so to say, lift up his head from it; it lay on him like an incubus. *Now*, the coldness with which Anna had ever since treated him was explained, satisfactorily enough to his own mind. As a murderer's brother, her avoidance of him was only natural. No doubt she was overwhelmed with horror at being tied to him. If he could but have divined that she suspected *him!* But they were all going in for mistakes; Isaac among the rest.

As if the real sorrow, the never-ceasing apprehension under which some of them lived, were not enough to bear, rumors were about to arise of an unreal one.

On this evening, in early April, Miss Thornycroft was alone. As she paced her parlor, in the stately mourning robes of black silk and crape, ostensibly worn for her stepmother, the blight that had fallen on her spirit and her heart might be traced in her countenance. The untimely and dreadful fate of Robert Hunter, to whom she had been so passionately attached, was ever present to her; the false part she had played at the inquest reddened her brow with shame; the guilt of her brother Richard haunted her dreams. She would start up in fright from sleep, seeing the officers of justice coming to apprehend him; she would fancy sometimes she saw her *father* taken, preparatory to the illicit practices he had carried on being investigated before a criminal tribunal. Mingling with this—worse, if possible, than the rest—was the keenest weight of self-reproach. She could not hide from herself, and no longer tried to do it, that her own deliberate disobedience had brought it all about—all, all! But for flying in the face of her father's express commands, in not stopping the visit of Robert Hunter, he had been living now, and Richard's hand guiltless.

All this was telling upon Mary Anne Thornycroft. You would scarcely know her, pacing the lonely drawing-room, pale and sad, for the blooming, high-spirited, haughty girl of two months before. Her father and Richard had gone to London on business, Isaac was out, she knew not where, and she was alone. Her thoughts were dwelling on that fatal night—when were they ever absent from it?—and were becoming, as they sometimes did, unbearable. A nervous feeling came creeping over her; it had done so at times of late, fearless though she was by nature; a horror of being alone; a dread of her own lonely self; of the lonely room and its two candles; an imperative demand for companionship. She opened the door, and glided across the hall and lighted passages to the kitchen, framing an excuse as she went.

"Sinnett, will you—where's Sinnett?"

The maids, three of whom were present, stood up at her presence. They had been seated at the table making household linen.

"Sinnett is up stairs, miss. Shall I call her?"

"No; she will be down directly, I dare say. I'll wait."

At that moment a sort of wild noise, half-shriek, half-howl, long-continued and ever-recurring, arose from without—at a distance, as yet. Mary Anne Thornycroft turned her ear to listen, her face blanching with dread fear; the least thing was sufficient to excite fear now.

The sounds approached nearer; they seemed to come from one in the very extremity of terror, and just then Sinnett entered the kitchen. Perhaps it has not been forgotten that the windows, of modern date, looked on the side walk, and thence towards the church and village. The shutters were not yet closed, the blinds not drawn down. In another instant, as the frightened women stood together in a group, one window was flung up, and a form propelled itself in, smashing a pane of glass. It proved to be Joe, the carter's boy; a sensitive, delicate lad, who had recently lost his mother, and was a favorite at the Red Court Farm. He lay for a moment amidst the shivers of glass, then rose up and clasped tight hold of Sinnett, his white face and shivering frame betokening some extraordinary cause of terror.

They put him in a chair, and held him there, he clinging to them. Miss Thornycroft authoritatively stopped all questions until he should be calmer. Sinnett brought him some wine, and the boy tried to sit up; but he could not keep his teeth still, and *he bit a piece out of the glass.* He looked over his shoulder at the window perpetually in ghastly fear, as one of the servants closed and barred the shutters. By degrees, he brought out that he had "seen a ghost."

Ghosts were rather favorite appendages to Coastdown, as we have read. They were not less implicitly believed in by the lower classes (not to bring in others) than they used to be, so the maids screamed and drew nearer Joe. This ghost, however, was not the old ghost of the plateau; as the boy is explaining, sobbing between while; but—Robert Hunter's.

"Nonsense!" reproved Sinnett. "Don't you be a coward, Joe, but just speak up and tell your tale sensibly. Come!"

"I went for the newspaper to Captain Copp's, as sent," answered the boy, doing his best to obey. "Mrs. Copp couldn't find it, and thought the captain had took it in his pocket to the Mermaid. Coming back here to say so, I see a figure in the churchyard hiding, like, behind a tombstone. I thought it were old Parkes, a-taking the short cut over the graves to his home, and stood and looked at him. Then, as he rose himself a bit higher, I see him out and out. It were Mr. Hunter, with his own face and his own coat on—that black and white thing."

"His own coat!"

"It were," groaned the lad. "I never were thinking of anybody but Parkes, but when I once saw the coat and the face, I see it were Mr. Hunter."

Joe's hearers did not know what to make of this. Miss Thornycroft privately thought she must fall in a fit, too, she felt so sick and ill.

"Was the face—" began one of the maids, and stopped. Remembering Miss Thornycroft's presence, she substituted another word for the one she had been about to speak. "Was the face *red?*"

"No. White. It—"

At this juncture there came a sharp knock at the window, as if the ghost were knocking to come in. The boy howled, the women shrieked; and the ghost knocked again.

"Who's there?" called out Sinnett, through the shutters.

"It's me," answered a voice, which they recognized for that of Sarah Ford. "Is the kitchen a-fire?"

Sinnett went to the entrance-door and called to her to come in. On occasions, when pressed for time, Sarah would give her messages at the kitchen-window, to save going round. She had brought the newspaper—one lent by the Red Court to Captain Copp: Mrs. Copp had found it after Joe's departure.

"He have seen a ghost," lucidly explained one of the maids, pointing to Joe.

"Oh," said Sarah, who had a supreme contempt for such things, regarding them as vanities, akin to hysterics and smelling salts.

"I see it in the churchyard, close agin his own grave," said the boy, looking helplessly at Sarah.

"See a old cow," responded she, emphatically. "That's more likely. They strays in sometimes."

"It were Mr. Hunter's ghost," persisted Joe. "He wore that there fur coat, and he stared at me like anything. I see his eyes a-glaring."

"The boy has been dreaming," cried Sarah, pityingly, as she turned to Sinnett. "I should give him a good dose of Epsom salts."

Which prescription Joe by no means approved of. However, Sarah could not stay to see it enforced; and we must go out with her.

Her master had come in when she reached home. It was supper-time, and she began to lay the cloth. Old Mrs. Copp was there: she had arrived the previous day, (after spending the winter in London,) on another long visit. Peering through her tortoise-shell spectacles at Sarah, she told her in her decisive way that she had been twice as long taking home the newspaper as she need have been.

"I know that," answered Sarah, with composure. "A fine commotion I found the Red Court in; the maids screeching fit to deafen you, and young Joe in convulsions. I thought the kitchen chimbly must be a-fire, and they were trying whether noise would put it out."

The captain looked up at this. He was in an easy-chair at the corner of the hearth-rug, a glass of rum-and-water on a small stand at his elbow: old Mrs. Copp sat in front of the fire, her feet on the fender; Amy was putting things to rights on a side-table near the sofa, and Anna Chester sat back on a low stool in the shade on the other side of the fireplace, a book on her knee—which she was making believe to read.

"Was the chimney on fire?" snapped Mrs. Copp.

"Just as much as this," answered Sarah, making a rattle with the knives and forks. "Joe was telling them he had just seen Robert Hunter's ghost. They screeched at that."

The captain burst into a laugh: he had no more faith in ghosts than Sarah had. Sea-serpents and mermaids were enough marvel for him. Anna glanced up with a perceptible shudder.

"By the way," said Mrs. Copp, taking her feet off the fender and turning round to speak, "I should like to come to the bottom of that extraordinary business. You slipped out of my questioning this morning, Anna; I hardly know how. Who *was* the man that fired the pistol on the plateau? As to say you did not see him properly, you may as well tell it to the moon. My belief is you are screening him," concluded shrewd Mrs. Copp, watching the poor girl's gradually whitening face.

"If I thought that; if I thought she could screen him, I'd—I'd—send her back to Miss Jupp's," roared Captain Copp, who was still very sore in regard to the part his women-kind had played in the transaction. "Screen a land murderer!"

Anna burst out crying.

"My impression is, that it was Cyril Thornycroft," resumed Mrs. Copp. "If he had not got something bad on his conscience, why should he run away, and keep away."

Sarah took up the word, putting down a tray of tumblers to do it.

"He may have his reasons for staying away, and nobody but himself know anything about them. But truth's truth, all the world over, and I'll stand to it. I don't care whether it was the King of England, or whether it was old Nick—it was not Cyril Thornycroft."

"She is right," nodded the captain. "He'd be the least likely in all Coastdown to rush on to the plateau at night, armed like a pirate, and shoot a man. It was no more Cyril Thornycroft did that than it was me, mother."

"But, Sarah, what about poor Joe and the ghost?" interposed her mistress, gently, upon whom the tale had made an unpleasant impression.

"Some delusion of his, ma'am: as stands to reason. I don't believe the boy has been right since his mother died; he has had nothing but a down, scared look about him. He is just the one to see a ghost, he is."

"Where did he see it?"

"In the churchyard, *he* says, with its fur coat on."

"Fur coat!" broke in Captain Copp, his face aglow with merriment. "He meant a white sheet."

"Ah, he made a mistake there," said Sarah. And it was really something laughable to see how she, as well as her master, (mocking skeptics!) enjoyed the ghost in their grim way. In the midst of it, who should come in but Isaac Thornycroft.

He had not been a frequent visitor of late, rather to the regret of the hospitable captain. Set at rest on the score of any surreptitious liking for him on Anne's part—for it was impossible not to note her continual avoidance of him now—the captain would have welcomed him always in his pride and pleasure. Isaac Thornycroft was a vast favorite of his, and this was only the second visit he had paid since his return from abroad. Isaac looked as if he would like to join in the merriment, utterly unconscious what the cause might be.

"It's the best joke I've heard this many a day," exclaimed the captain. "Your boy up at the Red Court—that Joe."

"Yes," said Isaac, the corners of his mouth relaxing in sympathy with the sailor's. "Well?"

"He went flying through the air, bellowing enough to arouse the neighborhood, and tumble in at your kitchen window in a fit, saying he had seen Robert Hunter's ghost."

"Breaking the glass and setting the maids a-screeching like mad," put in Sarah. "He saw it in the churchyard, he says, in its fur coat."

A troubled expression passed across Isaac's countenance. Captain Copp, attempting to drink some rum-and-water while he laughed, began to choke.

"What absurd story can they be getting up?" cried Isaac, sternly. "Some rumor of this sort—that Hunter had been seen in the churchyard—was abroad yesterday."

"You never saw a boy in such a state of fright, sir," observed Sarah. "Whether he saw anything or nothing, he'll not get over it this many a week."

"Saw anything or nothing! What d'ye mean?" fiercely demanded Captain Copp, suspending his laughter for the moment. "What d'ye suppose he saw?"

"Not a ghost," independently retorted Sarah. "I'm not such a simpleton. But some ill-disposed fellow may have dressed himself up to frighten people."

"If so, he shall get his punishment," spoke Isaac Thornycroft, with the imperative authority of a magistrate's son.

Captain Copp broke into laughter still. He could not forget the joke; but somehow all inclination for merriment seemed to have gone out of Isaac. He sat silent and abstracted for a few minutes longer, and then took his leave, declining to partake of supper.

"Where's Miss Anna gone?" cried the Captain to Sarah, suddenly missing her. "Tell her we are waiting."

Isaac lingered unseen in the little hall until she appeared, and took her hand in silence.

"Anna, this—"

But she contrived to twist it from him and turned to the parlor. He drew her forcibly to him, speaking in a whisper.

"Are you going to visit upon me for ever the work of that miserable night?"

"Hush! they will hear you."

But there was no other answer. Her face grew white, her lips dry and trembling.

"Don't you know that you are my wife?"

"Oh, heaven, yes! I would rather have died. I would die now to undo that night's work."

She seemed bewildered, as if unconscious of her words; but there was always the struggle to get from him. Had he been an ogre who might eat her, she could not have evinced more terror. Sarah opened the kitchen door, and Anna took the opportunity to escape. Isaac looked after her. If ever misery, horror, despair, were depicted on a human countenance, they were on Anna's.

"I did not think she was one to take it up like this," he said, as he let himself out.

And in the tone of his voice, despairing as her face, there was a perfectly hopeless sound, as if he felt that he could not combat fate.

By the next day the story of the ghost, singular to say, had spread all over Coastdown; singular, because the report did not come from Joe, or from any of Joe's bearers. It appeared that a young fellow of the name of Bartlet, a carpenter's apprentice, in passing the churchyard soon after poor Joe must have passed it, saw the same figure, which he protested—and went straight to the Mermaid and protested—was that of Mr. Hunter. He was a daring lad of sixteen, as hardy as Joe was timid. The company at the Mermaid accused him of having got frightened and fancied it; he answered that he feared "neither ghost nor devil," and persisted in his story with so much cool equanimity, that his adversaries were staggered.

"It is well known that the ghosts of murdered people have been seen to walk," decided Mrs. Pettipher, the landlady, "and that of poor Mr. Hunter may be there. But as to the fur-coat, that can't be. It must have been an optical delusion of yours, Tom Bartlet. The coat's here; we have held possession of it since the inquest; for the ghost to have it on in the churchyard is a moral impossibility."

"I'll never speak again if it hadn't got the coat upon it," loudly persisted young Bartlet. "But for that white coat, staring out in the moonlight, I might never have turned my head to the churchyard."

"Had it got that there black fur down it, Tom?" demanded a gentleman, taking his long pipe from his mouth to speak.

"In course it had. I tell ye it was *the coat*, talk as you will."

This was the tale that spread in Coastdown. When the additional testimony of Joe and the maids at the Red Court Farm came to be added to it, something like fear took possession of three-parts of the community. The ghost of the plateau, so long believed in, was more a tradition than a ghost, after all; latterly, at any rate, nobody had been frightened by it; but this spirit haunting the churchyard was real—at least in one sense of the word. An uncomfortable feeling set in. And when in the course of a day or two other witnesses saw it, or professed to see it, people began to object to go abroad after nightfall in the direction of the churchyard. A young man in the telegraph office at Jutpoint brought over a message for Isaac Thornycroft. He was a stranger to Coastdown, and had to inquire his way to the Red Court Farm: misunderstanding the direction, he took at first the wrong turning, which brought him to the churchyard. Afterwards, the despatch at length delivered, he turned into the Mermaid for a glass of ale, saying incidentally, not in any fear, he had seen "sum'at" in the churchyard, a queer fellow that seemed to be dodging about behind the upright gravestones. He had never seen or heard of Robert Hunter; he knew nothing of the report of the ghost; but his description of the "sum'at" tallied so exactly with the appearance expected, and especially with the remarkable coat, that no doubt remained. Upon which some ten spirits, well warmed with brandy-and-water, started off arm-in-arm to the churchyard, there and then—and saw nothing for their pains but the tombstones. Captain Copp heard of the expedition, and went into a storm of indignation at grown men showing themselves to be so credulous.

"Go out to a churchyard to look for a ghost! Serve 'em right to put 'em into irons till their senses come to 'em."

Thus another day or two passed on, Mr. Thornycroft and Richard being still absent from home. Fears were magnified; fermentation increased; for, according to popular report, the spirit of Robert Hunter appeared nightly in St. Peter's churchyard.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROBERT HUNTER'S GHOST.

It was a gusty night; the wind violently high even for the seaside; and Miss Thornycroft sat over the fire in her own sitting-room, listening to it, as it whirled round the house and went booming away over the waste of waters.

Anna Chester was with her. Anna had shunned the Red Court of late; but she could not always refuse Miss Thornycroft's invitations without attracting notice; and she had heard that Isaac was to be away from home that day.

They had spent the hours unhappily. Heavy at heart, pale in countenance, subdued in spirit, it seemed to each that nothing in the world could bring pleasure again. Anna was altered just as much as Miss Thornycroft; worn, thin, haggard-eyed. Captain Copp's wife, seeing the change in Anna, and knowing nothing of the real cause, set it down to one that must inevitably bring discovery of the marriage in its train, and was fretting herself into fiddle-strings. Dinner was over; tea was taken; the evening went on. Quite unexpectedly Mr. Thornycroft and his eldest son arrived; Anna saw also, to her dismay, that Isaac was in; but none of them approached the sitting-room. Hyde, coming in later to replenish the fire, said the justice was not very well, and had retired to rest; Mr. Richard and Mr. Isaac had gone out. And the two girls sat on together, almost hearing the beating of each other's hearts.

"I wonder if the ghost is abroad this windy night!" exclaimed Anna, as a wild gust dashed against the windows and shook the frames.

"Don't joke about that, Anna," said Miss Thornycroft, sharply.

Anna looked round in surprise; nothing had been further from her thoughts than to joke; and indeed she did not know why she said it.

"Of course the report is a very foolish one," she resumed. "I cannot think how any people can profess to believe it."

"Isaac saw it last night," said Mary Anne, quietly.

"Nonsense!" cried Anna.

"Ah! so I have answered when others said they saw it. But Isaac is cool and practical; entirely without superstition; the very last man I know, save perhaps Richard, to be led away by fear or fancy. He was passing the churchyard when he saw—if not Robert Hunter, some one dressed up to personate him; but the features were Robert Hunter's features, Isaac says; they were for a moment as distinct as ever he had seen them in life."

"Did he tell you this?"

"Yes."

"Could he have been deceived by his imagination?"

"I think not. When a cool, collected man, like my brother Isaac, dispassionately asserts such a thing, in addition to the terrified assertions of others, I at least believe that there must be some dreadful mystery abroad, supernatural or otherwise."

"A mystery?"

"Yes, a mystery. Putting aside all questions of the figure, how is it that the *coat* can appear in the churchyard, when it remains all the while in safe custody at the Mermaid?"

Anna sat down, overwhelmed with the confusion of ideas that presented themselves. The chief one that struggled upwards was—how should she ever have courage to pass the churchyard that night?

"Mary Anne! why did he not speak to it?"

"Because some people came up at the time, and prevented it. When he looked again the figure was gone."

Precisely so. All this, just as Mary Anne described it, had happened to Isaac Thornycroft on the previous night. Robert Hunter, the hat drawn low on his pale face, the unmistakeable coat buttoned round him, had stood there in the churchyard, looking just as he had looked in life. To say that Isaac was not staggered would be wrong—he was—but he recovered himself almost instantly, and was about to call out to the figure, when Mr. Kyne came past with young Connaught, and stopped him. Isaac and his family had to guard against certain discoveries yet; and in the presence of this superintendent of the coastguard, whose suspicions were already too rife, he did not choose to proceed to investigation.

Silence supervened. The young ladies sat on over the fire, each occupied with her sad and secret thoughts. The timepiece struck half-past eight.

"What can have become of Sarah?" exclaimed Anna. "Mrs. Copp was not well, and my Aunt Amy said she should send for me early."

Scarcely had the words left her lips, when that respectable personage entered head foremost. Giving the door a bang, she sank into an arm-chair. Anna stood up in wonder; Miss Thornycroft looked round.

"You may well stare, young ladies, but I can't stand upon no forms nor ceremonies just now. I don't know whether my senses is here or yonder, and I made bold to come in at the hall door, as being the nearest, and make straight for here. There's the ghost at this blessed moment in the church-yard."

Anna, with a faint cry, drew near to Miss Thornycroft, and touched her for company. The latter spoke.

"Your fancy must have deceived you, Sarah."

"If anything has deceived me, it is my eyes," returned Sarah, really too much put out to stand on any sort of ceremony whether in speech or action—"which is what they never did yet, Miss Thornycroft. When it struck eight, my mistress told me to go for Miss Chester. I thought I'd finish my ironing first, which took me another quarter of an hour; and then I put my blanket and things away to come. Just as I was opening the house door I heard the master's voice singing out for me, and went into the parlor. 'Is it coals, sir?' I asked. 'No, it's not coals,' says he; and I saw by his mouth, he was after some nonsense. 'It's to tell you to take care of the ghost.' 'Oh, bran the ghost,' says I; 'I should give it a knock if it come anigh me.' And so I should, young ladies."

"Go on, go on," cried Mary Anne Thornycroft.

"I come right on to the churchyard, and what we had been saying made me turn my eyes to it as I passed. Young ladies," she continued, drawing the chair closer, and dropping her voice to a low, mysterious key, "if you'll believe me, there stood Robert Hunter. He was close by that big tombstone of old Marley's, not three yards from his own grave!"

Mary Anne Thornycroft seemed unwilling to admit belief in this, in spite of what she had herself been relating to Miss Chester.

"Rely upon it, Sarah, your fears deceived you."

"Miss, I hadn't got any fears; at any rate, not before I saw him. There he was; his features as plain as ever they'd need be, and that uncommon coat on, which I'm sure was never made for anybody but a Guy Fawkes."

"Were you frightened then?"

"I was not frightened, so to say—but I won't deny that I felt a creepishness in my skin; and I'd have given half-a-crown out of my pocket to see any human creature come up to bear me company. I might have spoke to it if it had given me time: I don't know: but the moment it saw me it glided amid the gravestones, making for the back of the church. I made off too as fast as my legs would carry me, and come straight in here. I knew my tongue must let it out, and I thought it better for you to hear it than them timorous servants in the kitchen."

"Quite right," murmured Miss Thornycroft.

"I never did believe in ghosts," resumed Sarah; "never thought to do it, and I'm not going to begin now. But after to-night, I won't mock at the poor wretches that have been frightened by Robert Hunter's."

What now was to be done? Anna Chester would not attempt to go home and pass the churchyard with no protector but Sarah. Hyde was not to be found; and there seemed nothing for it but to wait until Richard or Isaac came in.

But neither came. Between nine and ten Captain Copp made his appearance in hot anger, shaking his stick and stamping his wooden leg at Sarah.

Had the vile hussey taken up her gossiping quarters at the Red Court Farm for the night? Did she think—"

"I could not get Miss Chester away," interposed Sarah, drowning the words. "The ghost is in the churchyard. I saw it as I came past."

The sailor-captain was struck dumb. One of *his* women-kind avow belief in a ghost? He had seen a mermaid himself; which creatures were known to exist; but ghosts were fabulous things, fit for nothing but the fancies of mariners. Any sailor in *his* fo'castle that had confessed to seeing ghosts, would have got a taste of the yardarm.

"Get your things on, this minute," concluded the captain, angrily, to Anna. "I'll teach you to be afraid of rubbishing ghosts! And that vile bumboat woman! coming here with such a tale!"

"It's my opinion ghost *is* rubbish, and nothing better; for I don't see the good of 'em; but this was Robert Hunter's for all that," spoke the undaunted "bumboat-woman." "I saw his face and his eyes as plain as ever I see my own in the glass, and that precious white coat of his with the ugly fur upon it. Master, you can't say that I gave as much as half an ear to this talk before to-night."

"You credulous sea-serpent!" was the captain's retort. "And that same coat lying yet in the tallet at the Mermaid with the blood upon it, just as it was taken off the body! Ugh! fie upon you!"

"If there's apparitions of bodies, there may be apparitions of coats," reasoned Sarah, between whom and her choleric but good-hearted master there was always a fight for the last word. "If it hadn't been for knowing his face, I should say some ill-conditioned jester had borrowed the coat from the Mermaid and put it on."

Away pegged the captain in his rage, scarcely allowing himself to say good-night to Miss Thornycroft; and away went Sarah and Miss Chester after him, as close as circumstances permitted.

As they neared the churchyard Anna ventured to lay hold of the captain's arm, and bent her head upon it, in spite of his mocking assurances that a parson's daughter ought to be on visiting terms with a churchyard ghost; trusting to him to guide her steps. The captain was deliberating, as he avowed afterwards, whether to guide her into the opposite ditch, believing that a ducking would be the best panacea for all ghostly fears; when Sarah, who was a step in the rear, leaped forward and clung violently to his blue coat-tails.

"There!" she cried in a shrill whisper, before the astonished gentleman could free his tails or give vent to proper indignation, "there it is again, behind old Marley's tomb! Now then, master, is that the coat, or is it not?"

The captain was surprised into turning his eyes to the churchyard; Anna also, as if impelled by some irresistible fascination. It was too true. Within a few yards of them, in the dim moonlight—for the cloudy moon gave but a feeble light—appeared the well-known form of the ill-fated Robert Hunter, the very man whose dead body Captain Copp had helped to lay in the grave, so far as having assisted as a mourner at his funeral.

The captain was taken considerably aback; had never been half so much so before an unexpected iceberg; his wooden leg dropped submissively down and his mouth flew open. He had the keen eye of a seaman, and he saw beyond doubt that the spirit before him was indeed that of Robert Hunter. Report ran in the village afterwards that the gallant captain would have made off, but could not rid himself from the grasp of his companions.

"Hallo! you sir!" he called out presently, remembering that in that vile Sarah's presence his reputation for courage was at stake, but there was considerable deference, not to say timidity, in his tone, "what is it you want, appearing there like a figure-head?"

The ghost, however, did not wait to answer; it had already disappeared, vanishing into air, or behind the tombstones. Captain Copp lost not a moment, but tore away faster than he had ever done since the acquisition of his wooden leg, Anna sobbing convulsively on his arm, and Sarah hanging on to his coat-tails. A minute afterwards they were joined by Isaac Thornycroft, coming at a sharp pace from the direction of the village.

"Take these screeching sea-gulls home for me," cried the sailor to Isaac. "I'll go down to the Mermaid, and with my own eyes see if the coat is there. Some land-lubber's playing a trick, and has borrowed Hunter's face and stole the coat to act it in."

"Spare yourself the trouble," rejoined Isaac. "I have come straight now from the Mermaid, and the coat is there. We have been looking at it but this instant. It is under the hay in the room over the stable, doubled up and stiff, having dried in the folds."

"I should like to keelhaul that ghost," cried the discomfited captain. "I'd rather have seen ten mermaids."

Isaac Thornycroft, with an imperative gesture, took Anna on his own arm, leaving the captain to peg on alone, with Sarah still in close proximity to the coat-tails. He did not say what he had been doing all the evening, or why he should have come up at that particular juncture.

Upon the return of Richard to the Red Court an hour or two earlier, Isaac drew him at once out of the house to impart to him this curious fact of Hunter's ghost—as Coastdown phrased it—making its appearance nightly in the churchyard. Truth to say, the affair was altogether puzzling Isaac, bringing him trouble also. He had seen it himself the previous evening. Who was it? what did it want? whence did it come? That it wore Hunter's face and form was indisputable. What then was it? His ghost?—a kind of marvel which Isaac had never yet believed in—or a man got up to persecute him? Of course what Isaac feared was, that it might lead to discovery of various matters connected with the past.

He imparted all this to Richard. Richard scorned the information at first, ridiculed the affair, would not believe in the fear. Isaac proposed that they should go together to the churchyard, conceal themselves behind a convenient tombstone, watch for the appearance, and pounce upon it. Richard mockingly refused; if he went at all to the place he'd go by himself and deal with the "ghost" at leisure. At present he had business with Tomlett.

They went together to Tomlett's cottage, and sat there talking. The baker's boy came up on an errand; and as Mrs. Tomlett answered the door they heard him tell her that "the ghost was then—then—in the churchyard, his face and his coat awful white."

"The coat has been stolen from the Mermaid," spoke Richard in his decisive tones.

"The fact was easy to be ascertained," Isaac answered. And rising at once from his seat, he went to the Mermaid there and then. Calling Pettipher, they went up the ladder to the tallet, and Isaac convinced himself that there the coat lay, untouched, and in fact unusable. From thence he went his way to the churchyard, intending to see what he could do with the ghost himself, and thus overtook Captain Copp and his party.

Nothing of this did he say to Anna. Leaving the ghost for the time being, he went on to Captain Copp's. She held his arm, not daring to let it go; her mind in a state of extreme distress. Trembling from head to foot went she; a sob breaking from her now and again.

"What can it be looking for?" burst from her in her grief and perplexity. "For you?"

For the thought, the fear that had been beating its terrible refrain in her brain was, that Robert Hunter's spirit, unable to rest, had come to denounce his destroyer. Such tales had over and over again been told in the world's history: why should not this be but another to add to them?

"Anna!" answered Isaac in a tone of surprise and remonstrance, "you cannot seriously believe that it is Hunter's spirit. Why talk nonsense?"

Which reply she looked upon as an evasive one.

"Can you solve the mystery?" she asked. "That thing in the churchyard wears as surely Hunter's face and form as you wear yours or I mine. It is not himself: he is dead and buried; what then is it?"

"Not his ghost," spoke Isaac. Whether he, the cool-headed, practical, worldly man, who believed hitherto in ghosts just as much as he did in fairies, felt perfectly sure himself upon the point now, at least he deemed it right to insist upon it to his wife.

No more was said. But for Captain Copp's turning back to converse with Isaac (having in a degree recovered his equanimity) he might have striven to get an explanation with his wife there and then.

"Come in, come in, and take a sup of brandy," cried the hospitable captain when they arrived at his house. "That beast of a ghost!"

"Oh, Sarah, what can have kept you!" exclaimed the captain's wife, in as complaining a tone as so gentle a woman could use. "I had everything to do myself; the gruel to make for Mrs. Copp, the hot water to take upstairs; the—"

"It is not my fault, ma'am," interrupted the subdued Sarah, as she rubbed her shoes on the mat. "Miss Chester was afraid to come home with me alone. There's Robert Hunter in the churchyard."

Amy Copp glanced at her husband, expecting an explosion of wrath at the words. To her surprise, the captain heard them in patient silence, his face as meek as any lamb's.

"Bring some hot water, Sarah, and get out the brandy," said he.

Mixing a stiff glass for himself, Isaac declining to take any, he passed another in silence to Sarah. Anna had escaped upstairs: her usual custom when Isaac was there.

"Much obliged, sir, but I don't care for brandy," was Sarah's answer. "My courage is coming back to me, master."

Amy looked from one to the other, not knowing what to make of either. "Have you really seen anything?" she asked.

"Seen Hunter, coat and all," gravely replied the captain. "Shiver my wooden leg, if we've not! I say, mother," he called out, stumping to the foot of the stairs. "Mother!"

"What is it, Sam?" called back Mrs. Copp, who was beginning to undress, and had not yet taken her remedies for the cold.

"Mother, you know that mermaid in the Atlantic—the last voyage you went with us? You wouldn't believe that I saw it; you've only laughed at me ever since: well, I've seen the ghost to-night; so don't you disbelieve me any more."

Captain Copp returned to the parlor, and in a minute his mother walked in after him. She wore black stockings, fur slippers, a petticoat that came down to the calves of her legs: a woollen shawl, and an enormous night-cap. Isaac Thornycroft smothered an inclination to laugh, but Mrs. Copp stood with calm equanimity, regardless of the defects of her costume.

"What's that about the ghost, Sam?"

"I saw it to-night, mother. It stood near its own grave in the churchyard. And I hope you won't go on at me about that mermaid, after this. It had got long, bright green hair, as I've always said, and was combing it out."

"The ghost's had?"

"No, the mermaid. The ghost was Hunter's. It looked just as he'd used to look."

Mrs. Copp stood rubbing her nose, and thinking the captain's conversion a very sudden one.

"Is this a joke, Sam?"

"A joke! Why, mother, I tell ye I saw it. Ask Sarah. I called out to know what it wanted, and why it came; but it wouldn't answer me."

"Well, it's strange," observed Mrs. Copp. "Sam's a simpleton about mermaids, but I'd have backed him as to ghosts. But now: you may have observed perhaps, all of you, that I've not said a syllable to ridicule this ghost of poor dead Mr. Hunter, and I'll tell you why. Last June, in Liverpool, a friend of mine was sitting up with her father, who was ill, when her sister's spirit appeared to her. It was between twelve and one at night—twenty minutes to one, in fact, for there was a clock in the room, and she had looked at it only a minute before; the candle—"

"Oh, mother, don't; pray don't!" implored poor Amy Copp, going into a cold perspiration, for she held a firm belief in things supernatural. "This one ghost is enough for us without any more. I shall never like to go up to bed alone again."

"The candle gave as good as no light, for the snuff was a yard long a'most, with a cauliflower on the top," continued Mrs. Copp, who persisted in telling her tale, supremely indifferent to her daughter-in-law's fears and her own robes. "Emma Jenkins, that was her name, heard a rustle in the room; it seemed to come in at the door, which was put open for air, flutter across, and stir the bed-curtains. (Don't you be foolish, Amy!) Naturally, Emma Jenkins looked up, and there she saw her sister, who had died a year before. The figure seemed to give just a sigh and vanish. 'Now,' said Mrs. Copp, applying the moral, 'if that was a ghost, this may be.'"

"You always said, you know, mother, that you didn't believe in ghosts."

"Neither did I, Sam. But Emma Jenkins is not one to be taken in by fancy; as stands to reason, considering that she has gone thirteen voyages with her husband, short and long. Sea-going people are not liable to see ghosts where there's no ghosts to see; they have got their wits about them, and keep their eyes open. What are you smiling at, Mr. Thornycroft? Mrs. Jenkins had taken a glass of brandy-and-water, perhaps? Well, I don't know; sitting up with the sick is cold work, especially when they are too far gone to have anything done for 'em. But she always liked rum best."

The story over, Captain Copp plunged into a full account of the night's adventures, enlarging on the questions he asked with the view of bringing the ghost to book, and what he would have done had it only stayed. Sarah gave *her* version of the sight, both in going and coming. Mrs. Copp, forgetting her cold, plunged into another story of a man who died at sea the first time she sailed with her husband, and the belief of the sailors that he haunted the ship all the while it lay in Calcutta harbor; all to the shivering horror of poor Amy Copp; and Isaac Thornycroft, waking up from his reverie by fits and starts, sat on until midnight, like a man in a miserable dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Foreigner's English.

An English traveller says, that just before leaving India, he accidentally picked up a copy of a native paper called the Weekly Journal of Prabhu News. It contained a long notice of the death of a distinguished member of the so-called "Young Bombay" class. He extracts a few specimens of what he presumes is considered by them to be "fine writing" in classical English; and, as such, may be interesting:

"Alas! He is gone—gone far from us to the future world, leaving *his beloved rib* and pet children to the tender mercies of friends, to bemoan his loss. In the twinkling of an eye, Death pounced upon him and he was no more. What is the life of man! Poets have appropriately writ and styled it but a span. He was in the full enjoyment of health last week, as we have said; and where is he? His soul severed from its clayey tegument must have been borne away, we hope, to a happier and a brighter world; but his body is now reduced earth to earth and dust to dust. May his soul rest in peace!

"What boots it for vanity and boast in this drama of life. No sooner the drop scene lowers than all is over. And what more; in the words of Johnson,

"'Unnumber'd maladies (man's) joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade.'

"So it was with our hero. The fort was besieged, the enemy became formidable, and the garrison was obliged to surrender.

"His death has cast a gloom over Young Bombay, who mourn for his loss with true cordiality. He was an asylum for this boasted class and was ever ready to give his ear and voice to any that went to him. He was a loving husband, a kind father, an amiable friend, and in a word, *he was 'Fat, fair and forty.'*"

A Man of Nerve.

A Washington letter-writer remarks of Mr. Greeley that "the control he has of his countenance is nearer what is related of Talleyrand than any man we wot of—it being said of the latter that if any man were to kick him behind, a man in front could not tell from the expression of his face that anything unusual was occurring." This reminds a correspondent of an incident that occurred in Omaha: A gentleman who had received an insulting missive determined to resent it promptly. Next day, thinking he saw his man ahead, he hastily overtook him, and administered several pedal salutations. The kicks remaining passive, the kicker went round in front to see the effect, and discovered to his regret that he had kicked the wrong man. He apologized, and was answered:

"Don't mention it. From the frequency of such little episodes in my experience, I was sensible of your demonstration, but was *not* aware you had made any mistake."

At which little M——, of the Omaha Herald, admiringly remarked, "*Oh, hasn't he got the nerve!*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞ The copper coinage of Great Britain, according to a royal proclamation recently issued, will cease to be current after December 31st, 1869. It has been superseded by the bronze currency.

☞ Carbolic acid is very destructive to the lower orders of vegetable and animal life, and is therefore a valuable agent for the prevention of mould. The Journal of Chemistry says that two or three drops of it to a bottle of ink will prevent mouldiness; and about thirty drops added to a pint of water, used for making paste, will prevent its moulding. Carbolic acid, however, is a poison, and should be used with care.

☞ Marshal Bazaine says that he was poisoned half a dozen times in Mexico, but that his Mexican servants gave him antidotes and saved his life.

☞ A Nevada paper reports the passage by its office of a "drove of Chinese laborers." Each carried his own baggage, consisting of an extra hat.

☞ DOMESTICATING MINKS.—There is an establishment at Cambridge, N. Y., for breeding minks for their fur. It is said that the cost is very slight, and that the income from one mink and her increase will exceed that from a good cow.

☞ Stroke the back of a cat with one hand, and at the same time touch the top of your head with the forefinger of the other hand, and you will receive an electric shock equal to that from the batteries of a telegraph office. The experiment is worth trying.

☞ TWO GREAT PROVERBS.—There are two great proverbs, one among the Turks, and the other among the Spaniards, both of which contain much which is true: "A busy man is troubled with but one devil; but the idle man is troubled with a thousand." "Men are usually tempted by the devil; but the idle man positively tempts the devil."

☞ A whiskey-drinking Irishman was brought before a magistrate named Porter, charged with being drunk and disorderly. The magistrate committed the delinquent to prison for a month, telling him he would give him time enough to curse whiskey. "Yes, faith," was the prisoner's reply, "and *Porter* too."

☞ AN INDUCEMENT.—A person who advertises in a morning paper for a clerk holds out this inducement:—"A small salary will be given, but he will have enough of *overwork* to make up the deficiency."

☞ George Sand's complete works are about to be issued in a ninety-volume edition. Ninety volumes!

☞ TRUTH.—When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—*Steele.*

☞ A soldier was going off the field too hastily, when the provost guard cried, "Halt!" "Can't." "Wounded?" "No." "Sick?" "No." "What's the matter?" "I am *scared*, and want to go to the rear to—*rally*."

☞ Men have two ways of extinguishing the flame of love—they either let it burn out quietly, or else they will snuff it out by one blow.

☞ The steamship China, of the Cunard line made her last trip from Queenstown to Boston in seven days and twenty-two and a half hours. A voyage so short put her eighty-seven first-class passengers in excellent spirits. The greatest speed of the China on any one day was 375 miles, and she averaged fourteen knots an hour all the way over.

☞ To think of it! Mrs. Diana Vree, of Nashville, Tenn., has over four hundred descendants living. She is one hundred and fourteen years old—is healthy and vigorous. A pleasant peculiarity of her widowhood is, that having been thrice married, and each of her husbands having served in the Revolutionary war, she draws a full pension for each of the defunct.

Taking the Pool.

Good conduct at Sunday-school seems to be differently rewarded in different localities. In a certain Episcopal church in San Francisco, for instance, each scholar that is in his place before opening school receives a ticket for Punctuality. Our correspondent having, as was his habit, come early to school one Sunday, observed a class of six or seven boys, aged from seven to twelve years, all of respectable parentage, throwing dice for who should win the whole lot of Punctuality tickets. He stood aghast at such depravity, in such a place, on such a day—especially when one urchin roared out: "Sixes! I've won; *give us the pool!*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

CHICAGO AND LONDON.—The citizens of Chicago are taking the preliminary measures to construct a railroad, by means of which, it is asserted, the passage between that city and London, England, can be made in eight days and twenty hours. The railroad is to run on a direct line along the south shore of Lake Ontario, and thence by way of Whitehall and Rutland due east to Portland, Me., over a route recently chartered by the states of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, and from Portland on to Newfoundland.

☞ RED-HAIRED TURKS.—Said Pacha, late viceroy of Egypt, was of a fair, ruddy complexion, with red beard and hair—the latter of which was always shaven in Turkish fashion. His features were regular, and the expression of his face frank and noble, his figure symmetrical, though on a grand scale, and indicating immense strength, until increasing corpulence marred both face and figure in later years. His eyes were clear and bright, and, unlike most Turks, he did not keep them habitually half closed, and avoid a direct glance at his interlocutor, but looked straight into the face of the person with whom he conversed.

☞ If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they "murmuring" about!

☞ Many young men are so improvident they cannot keep anything but late hours.

☞ An Ohio editor is getting particular about what he eats. Hear him:—"The woman who made the butter which we bought last week, is respectfully requested to exercise more judgment in proportioning the ingredients. The last batch had too much hair in for butter, and not quite enough for a waterfall. There is no sense in making yourself bald-headed if butter *is* thirty-five cents a pound."

☞ Mr. George Peabody, now becoming old and evincing a little totter, has made up his mind to "wrap the drapery of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams" in this his native land—probably in the propinquity of Danvers.

☞ A New Orleans widow of a week was wooed by an impulsive suitor, who, after obtaining her consent to a marriage in a fortnight, borrowed $10 and deserted her. She told her tale to the Recorder, "Well!" exclaimed the surprised official, "this is a little ahead of anything I ever heard of." "Yes, sir," replied the lady, "it does so beat all; not that I care anything about the money, but I don't like being fooled."

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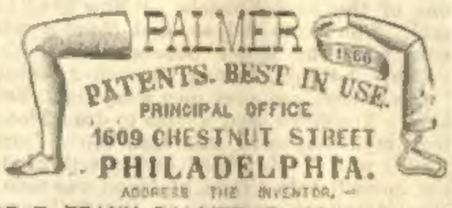

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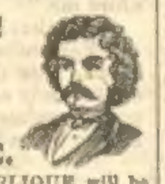
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ART OF LOVE.—This book shows how to gain the affections of the opposite sex. Any man or woman can thus win the one they love. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent by mail for 25 cents; 3 for 50 cents; 7 for $1; or $10 per 100. TUTTLE & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. ap10-3m

DR. R. A. WILSON'S TONIC, CATHARTIC, Anti-Dyspeptic, and Headache Pills, are the most reliable and useful Pill for what they are recommended, now before the public. They cure Dyspepsia, Headache, Inebriety, Surfeit, Heartburn, Foul Stomach, Neuralgia, Costiveness, etc., etc. B. L. FAHNESTOCK & CO., No. "76" Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa., Sole Proprietors. Sold by all Druggists. my8-4m

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE SAT. EVE. POST.—ESTEEMED FRIEND.—We have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cured the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. We will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve, and will send a sample *free* to any sufferer who will address us, SAYRE & CO., 210 Broadway, New York. my8-3m

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Newspaper Directory.
A Complete List of Newspapers for the United States, Territories, and British Provinces; giving names, politics or general character, subscription price, circulation, editors and publishers names, population and location of places where issued, &c., &c.
Also, separate lists showing at a glance how many and which papers circulate more than 5,000, 10,000 or 20,000 copies each issue, with actual figures given.
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We will insert an advertisement in **one thousand Newspapers, one month.** The List includes **single papers of over 100,000 circulation weekly,** more than **100 daily papers,** in which the advertiser obtains 24 insertions to the month, and the **leading papers in more than 500 different towns and cities. Complete files can be examined at our office.** Send stamp for our circular. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, New York.

$3000 SALARY. Address U. S. PIANO CO., N. Y.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
GLOBE FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY,
No. 4 Day Street, New York.
Great reduction in price. No. 1 $25; No. 2 $40. No. 3 $45. First-class agents wanted. Address as above.

$10 Per Day Guaranteed
Agents to sell the **Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.** It makes the *Lock Stitch, alike on both sides*, has the under-feed, and is equal in every respect to any sewing machine ever invented. Price $25. Warranted for 5 years. Send for circular. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.

BUILDERS send for catalogue of all new *Architectural Books and Journals.* Address A. J. BICKNELL & Co., Pub'rs, Troy, N. Y., or Springfield, Ill.

PATENTS.—Munn & Co., Editors **Scientific American,** 37 Park Row, New York. Twenty-three years' experience in obtaining **AMERICAN and EUROPEAN PATENTS.**
Opinions no charge. A pamphlet, 100 pages of law and information free. Address as above.

$20 A DAY to Male and Female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE in the market sold for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. Full particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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ONE DOLLAR SALE
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☞ If required, agents NEED NOT PAY FOR THE GOODS UNTIL DELIVERED.
Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular.
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136 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

TEN PER CENT.
MICHIGAN BONDS
For sale by A. WILKINS, Detroit, Mich.

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IVINS' PATENT HAIR-CRIMPERS. Every lady should have them. For sale at variety stores. Made only by E. IVINS, 1301 Marshall St., Philadelphia.

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"They have reduced advertising to a more perfect system than has been known heretofore."—*Hazelton (Pa.) Sentinel, Oct. 31, 1867.*
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We are prepared to receive advertisements for all American Newspapers, at prices as low as can be obtained at the offices of publication.

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Advertising Agents,
40 Park Row, New York.

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SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS,
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A List of Seven Hundred and Fifty choice Advertising mediums, subdivided into more than 50 on all Lists, with Price Cards showing the cost of any advertisement from one line to one column.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

All Safe.

Some years ago the worthy citizens of the town of F——, in the state of Maine, voted in their united wisdom to purchase a fire engine. Thereupon an order was transmitted to Boston for one of Hunneman's crack tubs, and a company was formed to take charge of it upon its reception. But the most difficult matter in relation to the affair was to select a proper foreman. However, after mature deliberation, their choice was fixed upon 'Squire W——, a worthy ex-representative and trader of the town, who had seen the *machines* in operation on one or two occasions during a transient visit to Boston. In due course of time the chairman of the Board of Selectmen received a bill of lading of the engine, and a few days after, rumor announced to the company that the sloop Susan Jane was coming up the river with the tub on board.

The b'hoys dropped their hoes, scythes, and pitchforks, and started for the "landing." As soon as the sloop touched the wharf, they took possession of the tub, and snaked her onto the wharf. After various conjectures upon the mode of operation of the critter, they attached the suction hose in order "to see her squirt."

At this moment the chairman of the Board of Selectmen approached, and in a tone of authority told the boys that machine cost too much money to be played with, and that "they'd better onship that leather pipe before the foreman came, or he would raise Ned with 'em."

By this time the worthy foreman (who upon the first intimation of the arrival of the engine, had gone home and donned his ruffled shirt and representative suit) arrived to assume the active duties of his office.

"Fall in, boys," he exclaimed, "man the rope, two and two. I'm foreman, and I'll go ahead. Now then—forward march!"

And off they started up the hill, down Ragged Lane, over the bridge, up to the Sleepy Hollow, around Dogtown Corner, across Ten Shares, and through every highway and byway of the town, until their weary legs and the setting sun admonished them that it was time to tie up.

That was a great day for the town and the foreman; and for an hour after tea he sat and expatiated to his wife upon the responsibilities of his station. At length he retired, and was soon locked in the arms of Morpheus, while his worthy spouse lay wide awake, wondering when her valiant lord would have an opportunity to distinguish himself.

Her reflections, however, were soon disturbed by a bright light glaring into her chamber windows. Could it be possible. There was—there *must* be a fire somewhere!

"Husband, husband," she said, "*there's a fire!*"

"Wake her up!" shouted the new foreman, half waking.

"There's a fire, I tell you," she said.

"Poh, let it burn!"

"There is a fire, and I am going to get up and see where it is."

"Pshaw, you fool! you will catch your death of cold!"

"But I tell you there is a fire scooting up like blazes!"

"They're only burning brush at Sleepy Hollow."

"No—it's the other way."

"Well, I 'spose it is Captain True's brick kiln.

"Why, good Lord, it is Deacon Butman's house up to Four Corners! It's all of a light blaze!"

"Well, get into bed, you fool, and let it burn! Thank the Lord *our new engine is no where near it!*"

Never Travelled.

A story is told of any old lady who lived near Rochester, who had never seen or travelled on a railroad. Wanting to go on a visit to a small town a short distance from the city, she thought she would try one of the pesky things. She went to the ticket office, carrying her reticule on one arm and an old-fashioned rocking-chair on the other. She bought her ticket, walked out on the platform, put down her rocking-chair, sat down in it, took out her knitting, and went to work diligently. Steadily she rocked and worked, trains coming in or leaving as the car time came round. The old lady made no attempt to get on the cars, but kept knitting.

The day drew to a close, and night came on. The last train was about starting, when the depot master went up and asked her if she was going out.

"Yes, sir," replied the lady.

"Hadn't you better get on board and secure a seat?" said the depot master.

"Thank you, sir, I'm very comfortable," replied the elderly dame.

The train left. The master came around again.

"Madam, I shall have to disturb you; it is late; the trains have all left, and we must close the depot. Shall I send you to a hotel?"

"Well!" exclaimed the old lady, dropping her knitting and holding up her hands, "ain't the thing going to move? Here I brought my chair from home so as to have a seat, on which some pesky man couldn't squeeze himself. I've set here all day waitin' for the thing to go, and here I've had all my trouble for nothing. I thought it was a long time moving. I declare that these here railroads is the biggest nuisance and humbug as ever was!" and the old lady, with bag on one arm and rocking-chair on the other, gave a toss of her head and marched off in high indignation.

A Good One.

A young blood residing not a half-dozen miles from this place, was the victim of rather a good joke one Sunday night recently. He was trying to be particularly "sweet" on a young lady, and had paid her a number of visits at the residence of her parents. The old folks had somehow got an idea into their heads that the children were most too young to "keep company," and conveyed the desired hint by calling the girl out of the room and sending her to bed at nine o'clock, the lady of the house astonishing the young gent by bringing into the parlor a huge piece of bread and butter, nicely spread with sugar, which she presented to him, saying, in her kindest manner, "There, Bubby, take this and run home to your mother; it's time little boys were in bed." The would-be gay young beau hasn't felt as though he wanted any more sweetness from that source since.

☞ The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be quarts.

"WHAT's the matter, Mr. Jinks? You seem out of spirits!"

"*Matter*, my dear madam! Why, I've just seen the doctor, and he tells me if I don't take the *greatest* care of myself, I shall be a *complete wreck in another twenty years!*"

Real Estate.

An old darkey, who had for years followed the honorable business of whitewashing, was applied to by a gentleman, the other day, who desired to give him a job.

"Oh, bress your heart, massa, I'se gone out of der whitewashing business altogedder. I'se in de real 'state business now."

"Indeed; and how came you to make this change?"

"Spec'lation, massa—nothing but spec'lation. Dars more 'spectability in whitewashing dan in real 'state, I 'spect—but dars less sponduliks, you see."

"I suppose so. But how did you get a start: what capital did you have?"

"Well, massa, I'll tell you all about it. I done a whitewashing job for a real 'state dealer, an' he paid me in advice. He started me in de business, an' told me how to do it. I jess spread myself all over this city, an' took lists of all der lots wid sale boards on 'em, an' advertised 'em in de papers for sale at my offis. When a customer wanted to buy a lot, I asked a trifle more'n the owner would sell for. Then all I had to do was to jess buy it on my own account and sell it for all I could get. Sold a house an' lot yesterday for $3,000, an' bought it to-day for $2,500. I'se doing a very good business."

Confidence.

"You say you have confidence in Cookem, the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"State to the court, if you please, what caused this feeling of confidence."

"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eatin'-house men, and I used to kinder think—"

"Never mind what you thought—tell us what you know."

"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cookem's shop, an' sez to the waiter, 'waiter,' sez I, 'give's a weal pie.'"

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Well, just then Mr. Cookem comes up, and sez he, 'How du, Smith, what you going to hev?'"

"'Weal pie,' sez I."

"'Good,' says he, 'I'll take one, tu;' so sets down and eats one of his weal pies right afore me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; when an eatin'-house keeper sets down afore his customers and deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man refuses to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."

Perilous Conjuring.

Robert Houdin used to say that if the public knew what passes through the mind of a conjuror when he sees the barrel of a pistol turned toward him in the course of a "firearm trick," they would perhaps give him credit for as much nerve and courage as the bravest soldier shows in battle. An omission in some trifling point, the breaking off of a small part of the false ramrod, or of the real bullet as it is being withdrawn, may make the discharge fatal. Often, too, the trick is a new one, and some miscalculation may make the plan a failure where failure may mean death. The unfortunate event which has just taken place in the Cirque Napoleon strikingly illustrates Houdin's words. Dr. Epstein, the conjuror, had offered a gun to a spectator, with directions to take good aim at the Doctor, who was to receive the discharge on the point of a sword. The man refused, but another fired off the gun as directed. The moment after the Doctor fell to the ground seriously wounded. It was found that a piece of the ramrod had broken in the barrel, and this, fired off at so close a range, had penetrated the conjuror's right lung. It is feared that he is mortally wounded.

A circumstance in Houdin's life shows how daringly the conjurors who amuse us will often play with danger, depending on their ready fingers to secure their safety. He had performed some startling firearm tricks before a party of Arabians, making use, of course, of the ordinary form of conjuring pistol, which is so contrived that the ramrod withdraws the bullet. While the rest of the party were expressing their admiration, a crafty old Marabout, who had some suspicion of the true nature of the trick, said, "The stranger is doubtless a strong magician; will he suffer me to fire at him with my own pistols?" "Yes," said Houdin, unhesitatingly, "but first I must make invocation to those who assist me." The next day he met the same party, and offered a saucerful of bullets to the inspection of the Marabout. Satisfied that they were lead—as indeed they were—the Arab handed his pistols to Houdin, who loaded them, using the Arab's ramrod. His own friends were in terror, and even his wife, well as she knew his skill, was in perplexity when she saw him hand back to the Arab one of the loaded pistols. "Now fire," he said. The Arab did so, and Houdin was seen with the bullet between his teeth. "Bah," he said, seizing the other pistol, "you cannot use your own weapons! See here. You have been unable to draw blood from my flesh, and I will draw blood from yonder wall." He aimed at the wall, fired, and immediately a stain of blood was seen. The Marabout went up to the wall, and when he had dipped his finger into the blood, which was trickling down, his awe and amazement were so great that his features assumed a ghastly hue. Yet the trick was simple enough, two prepared bullets having been skillfully substituted by Houdin for the leaden bullets he took up from the saucer. But the experiment was quite new, and Houdin tells us that he trembled, and could scarcely control his terror, as he saw the Marabout drawing the trigger of the pistol.—*Daily News.*

The Velocipede.

The literature of this movement is at present in its infancy. And yet it is necessary that the friends of the new vehicle should be able to quote from the poets passages bearing on their favorite amusement. For this object an ingenious gentleman is editing a selection from the British Bards, the passages being carefully modified so as to bear on the subject. We subjoin a specimen, from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Sir Walter Scott:—

The ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment and no more—
One moment gazed with a mother's eye
As she paused at the arched door;
Then from amid the armed train
She called to her William of Deloraine.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on thy velocipede:
Spare not to spurt, nor stint to ride
Until thou come to fair Tweedside."

* * * * * * * * *

"Oh, swiftly can speed my velocipede,
(She thinks that it's heavy, it's clear,)
Ere break of day," the warrior 'gan say,
"Again I will be here."

Soon in his saddle sat he fast,
And down the steep descent he past,
As only a skillful rider can,
And soon by the Teviot side he ran.

* * * * * * * * *

In Hawick twinkled many a light,
Behind him soon they set in night;
As he rattled his two-wheeled machine
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cutting Grass Late.

My practical knowledge is not only of long standing, but has been very extensive, and I am an entirely practical writer, and indulge in no theories; from 1835 to 1856 my experience was as great as it was possible for any man's to be; during the last fourteen years of that period I was steward for a nobleman who had three large landed estates, about 100 miles apart, besides several smaller ones containing about as many hundred acres as the larger ones did thousands. One-fourth at least of the whole of this landed property was in permanent grass, which had remained unbroken sward for scores of years, and some of it for hundreds of years; none of this grass land had deteriorated, but most of it was much improved, so that having the farming of many hundreds of it, and the superintendence of thousands, rented to opulent tenants, I ought to know something of grass land; and here I might as well say that many of my remarks are meant to apply to old permanent grass land *composed of natural varieties*, and *not* to clover or timothy, which make naught but temporary grass, and will run out.

But I am not to be made to believe that it is good for the hay, when made from clover, to be turning to seed, much more have some *seed* quite ripe at the expense of the *stems* and *leaves;* pshaw! who wants seed for cattle? Nor can any one convince me that the whole landed proprietors in England are fools, which they must be if the statement above will apply generally, for every lease in that country expresses that clover shall not be allowed to seed, excepting in small quantities, because of its exhausting effects. Since being in this country I fed hay cut when in bloom to working oxen, horses, and some hundreds of sheep; it so happened that a late spring, and being over stocked, rendered it necessary to buy, which we did of a neighbor who cut his hay late, and the consequence was the whole of the animals had to have extra meal and grain, and then the horses lost flesh, the oxen suffered worse, and the sheep sank shillings per head, and the ewes half starved their lambs. Common sense will tell any one that hay is hay, but straw is a different article, and pray what is any stemmy substance which has matured seed, but *straw?—Country Gentleman.*

American Cows.

It should not be inferred from the fact that our common or "native" cows are made up of a mixture of various foreign stocks, that they are necessarily of inferior quality. So far is this from being the case that many might be selected from among them that would do credit to any highly improved breed. The prevailing characteristic among them, as a whole, is the extreme want of uniformity to which allusion has been made, and this not in form or color merely, but in milking qualities, in early maturity, and in fattening tendencies.

There is a well-established principle among the breeders of stock, that like produces like, and this is the basis of all systems of improvement. Among the well established races and breeds there is little difficulty in finding animals of remarkable uniformity, but among a stock made up of an infinite mixture, descended from such widely distinct sources as we have seen, this cannot so easily be done. Let us see how this affects the farmers' interest. There is a native cow. She came perhaps from a drove. Nobody knows where from. But she is a remarkable milker. She may surpass all the cows about her and the owner is anxious to have another of the same sort. He raises her daughter at great expense to the age of three or four years, only to find her comparatively worthless. His money has been thrown away and he has lost a good deal of time to no purpose. That is really the weak point of our native or common cows. They are often of most excellent quality as individual animals, but they do not produce their kind. There is no certainty, and hence we advise the use of pure bred males which come from a good milking stock. They have the hereditary power, or the power of transmitting their inherent qualities more strongly developed, and hence there is greater certainty in breeding from them.

A cross of our common cows with a good Ayrshire or Jersey, or if the cow is of very large size, with the Shorthorn bull, will, in a large majority of cases, give satisfactory results, and even if the calves are to be sold to the butcher they will usually bring enough more to pay for the extra trouble. Let us aim to improve our stock.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Poisonous Flour.

Last year considerable excitement was occasioned in the state of New York by the fact that all who ate of a certain lot of flour ground in that section, were more or less poisoned. This was accounted for at the time on the hypothesis of a small quantity of lead having been ground up with the flour. In the American Entomologist for May, Dr. Walsh, suggests that the flour was made from a lot of very buggy wheat. He says that the black Snout-beetle—*Sitophilus granarius*—about one-fifth of an inch long, which is commonly found in granaries, has been used successfully at the South as a substitute for the Spanish Blister beetle—*Cantharides*, which are known to be fatally poisonous when taken internally. He also quotes the opinion of a medical man that these grain weevils were about as poisonous as the *Cantharides.*

Bees.

Chloroform is now extensively used in England, and without injurious results, to stupefy bees so as to remove the honey. For this purpose a table is set about ten feet from the hive and covered with a cloth. Some chloroform (about a quarter or a sixth of an ounce) is then poured into a shallow dish and covered with a wire gauze, to prevent the bees from falling into it. The hive is then removed from its stand and set over the chloroform. In about twenty minutes all the bees will have fallen down on the table in a state of stupefaction, not one remaining in the comb. After removing the comb, the hive and the bees are restored to their place, the latter soon recovering without suffering the slightest inconvenience.

CUTTING TIMBER.—A correspondent of the Rural World who lives in a part of Missouri where little else than *woods* are seen, says: "When we cut timber at any time of the year except July, August or September, the process of seasoning is so very slow that the timber becomes infested with innumerable quantities of worms, and the smaller limbs will, in a few months, fall to the ground from natural decay. But, by cutting timber in July, August or September, the bodies of the trees season hard and are not troubled by the worms, whilst the smallest twigs remain sound at least three or four times as long as those of timber cut in the winter or spring.

RECEIPTS.

SICILIAN MODE OF EATING STRAWBERRIES.—Throughout Sicily it is the custom to eat strawberries along with sugar and the juice of an orange or two. The strawberries, a small kind, come to table without their stalks, are crushed with white pounded sugar, and the juice of an orange is squeezed over them. The result is a most fragrant and agreeable compound, much superior in my opinion to strawberries and cream. Indeed, I think it is all but worth while to make a journey to Sicily to be initiated into this mode of eating strawberries.—*Bennet's Mentone.*

STRAWBERRY WINE.—According to the Practical Farmer, three quarts of strawberries make one quart of juice. Add three quarts of water and three pounds of the best sugar. Use a clean, sweet cask, and leave the bung out for fermentation. When this subsides, close tight, and the wine is ready for use. "It will keep ten years or more if it can be secured from depredation, which, on account of its attractive qualities, has been found a very difficult undertaking."

CABBAGE FLEAS.—A correspondent writes to ask if we cannot suggest something which will destroy "the flies" that have eaten off nearly all the leaves of his cabbages just set out. The insects complained of are without doubt cabbage-fleas, and if the leaves are dusted with ashes or Scotch snuff in the morning, when the dew is on them, these pests will be destroyed.

THE RIDDLER.

Mythological Enigma.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 19, 23, 16, 9, was a famous hunter, son of Aras, king of Corinth. He loved his sister so dearly that he called part of the country by her name.

My 2, 13, 3, 9, 8, 24, was a king of Thrace, of whom it was foretold that Troy should never be taken if his horses drank the waters of the Xanthus and fed upon the grass of the Trojan plains.

My 3, 5, 14, 8, 9, was a son of Panopeus, who was the fabricator of the famous wooden horse which proved the ruin of Troy.

My 10, 23, 12, 15, 19, 24, was a dog which belonged to Geryon; he had two heads, and was destroyed by Hercules.

My 7, 22, 18, 6, 12, 14, 22, was a sea nymph, daughter of Nereus and Doris. She was loved by the cyclop Polyphemus, whose love she treated with disdain, but dearly loved Acis, a shepherd of Sicily. Polyphemus, in a fit of jealousy, crushed his rival to pieces with a piece of broken rock.

My 17, 4, 12, 16, 9, was a beautiful nymph, daughter of Neptune. To save herself from Priapus she implored the gods, who changed her into a tree.

My 21, 3, 7, 6, 23, 1, was the daughter of Creon, king of Thebes, given in marriage to Hercules because he had delivered the Thebans from the tyranny of Orchomenians. Hercules slew her in a fit of insanity.

My 20, 8, 18, 7, 4, 11, 6, was a goddess at Rome who presided over the lightning. She was addressed to save her votaries from storms.

My whole was an eminence, which rose in the city of Athens near the Acropolis, and was held sacred to justice.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Mathematical Problem.

If 20 be divided at random into three parts, what is the mean or average value of the sum of their squares?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

A gentleman bought a rectangular lot of land at the rate of 10 dollars for every foot in the perimeter. If the same quantity had been in a square form, and he had bought it at the same rate, it would have cost him $380 less; but if he had bought a square piece of the same perimeter he would have had 12½ rods more. What were the dimensions of the lot? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

A bag contains 100 marbles of uniform size, of which 99 are white and one black. A, who tells the truth 9 times out of 10, is directed to draw a marble at random from the bag, and tell its color. In doing so, what is the probability that he will say he has drawn the black one? And if he so says, what is the probability of the truth of his statement? J. SCOTT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What goes most against a farmer's grain? Ans.—His mowing machine.

☞ Why may young ladies, when they blush and weep, be said to be disturbers of the public peace? Ans.—Because, when they blush and weep, they raise a hue and cry.

☞ What is the difference between the outer wall of a bridge and two nice young ladies? Ans.—The one is a parapet and the other is a pair-o'-pets—of course.

☞ Why are plumb-stones like milestones? Ans.—Because you never meet with them in pairs (pears.)

☞ How should a balloon ascent be described?—In inflated language.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Napoleon Bonaparte the first.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of March 27th—A got 500 acres at $2.00 per acre, and B got 400 acres at $2.50 per acre—A. Martin, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders, E. P. Norton, W. J. Barrett, H. A. Arline, J. B. Sanders, W. Hoover, L. J. Harris and D. M.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—1216 cubic inches—W. H. Morrow, W. Hoover, D. M., J. B. Sanders, E. P. Norton, J. N. Soders and J. S. Phebus.

Answers to Augustus's PROBLEM of same date—Diameter, 10 inches—D. Diefenbach, W. J. Barrett, E. P. Norton, J. S. Phebus, J. N. Soders. 9.85 inches—D. M.

COLD MEAT.—Cold meat made into an aspic is a delicious way of using the last of a joint, especially in summer time. Cut the meat in pieces, and lay them in a mould in layers, well seasoned. Then pour over and fill the mould with some clear soup nearly cold, which, when let to stand some hours, will turn out and be as firm as isinglass, especially if shank bones were boiled in the soup. Should the cold meat be veal or poultry, the addition of some small pieces of ham or bacon, and of hard-boiled eggs cut in slices and put between the layers of meat, is a great improvement.

ELDERBERRY INK.—A correspondent of the Scientific American furnishes the following recipe:—

"One half gallon of juice of elderberries, one ounce copperas, two drachms alum, twenty drops creosote, dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol. The ink keeps a violet color several years, and then becomes of a brownish tint."

CROTON BUGS AND COCKROACHES.—The following remedy for these pests is furnished by the Journal of Applied Chemistry:

"Boil one ounce of poke-root in one pint of water, until the strength is extracted; mix the decoction with molasses, and spread it on plates in the kitchen, or other apartments which are infested by these insects. All that have partaken of this luxury during the night will be found 'organic remains' the next morning."

☞ Three bachelors in an Iowa town played a novel game of cards the other day. The loser was to marry during the year, or support the other two bachelors for the following year.